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MY LADY MAY.

BY ERNEST DOWSON.

Dew on her robe and on her tangled hair,
Twin dew-drops for her eyes, behold her pass,
With dainty step crushing the young, green grass,
The while she trills some high, fantastic air,
Full of all feathered sweetness; she is fair,
And all her fresh, young beauty, as a glass,
Mirrors out hope and love, but still, alas,
Traces of tears her languid lashes wear.

Say, doth she weep for very wantonness?
Or is it that she dimly doth foresee,
Athwart her youth, the joys grow less and less,
The burden of the months that are to be,—
Autumn and withered leaves and vanity,
And winter bringing end in barrenness?

SIBYL'S CONCERN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

IF THERE WAS one thing on which the members of the Society of Friends at Brierley prided themselves more than another, it was in their unswerving allegiance to the manners and customs of their fathers. Other Meetings might be willing to make concessions to the demands and fashions of the day, they might smile upon alien marriages, abandon the prescribed dress and colors, and even allow their young people to join in the pursuits and amusements of the world; but the Brierley Friends at least would stand firm and faithful to the last.

The little meeting-house itself was cold, gray, and comfortless, no one had ever ventured to occupy its ministers' gallery in any of the nondescript half-and-half costumes to be seen elsewhere; its members had married dutifully among themselves, or, in a few instances, when they had departed from this rule, had been conscientiously cold-shouldered as long as possible.

And, if, in this undisciplined and self-willed generation, it had been found impossible to keep the younger members to the orthodox bonnet and cloak, there was at least a due observance of decency with regard to color, and Mary Catherine Worthingham thanked Providence every First-day of her life, as she looked from her elevated seat, that no gleam of rose or blue caught her eye, to suggest worldly thoughts or disturb the tenor of her mind.

Mary Catherine took a good deal of credit to herself for this admirable state of affairs; and indeed, as the only surviving daughter of the great Brierley family, the direct descendant of the original Joshua who had given the ground on which the meeting-house was built, she held a unique position in the Society, of which it certainly could not be said that she failed to take advantage.

Her interest extended to the poorest and most insignificant member of the community; she was much interested in the affairs of the smallest household as in those of her own handsome establishment—uncharitably disposed people might perhaps have said even more interested, and quoted unpleasant maxims about being content with one's own business; and it is certain that from the younger brothers and sisters she got but little thanks for her active efforts on their behalf.

A somewhat soured and discontented expression on otherwise really handsome features, and a cold unsympathetic manner effectually hid the real and often affectionate interest which prompted her interference; and it was too often her experience to find her keenest trials and disappointments in the conduct of those for whom she had labored hardest, and in whom she had most thoroughly believed.

This fretful expression was even deeper than usual one beautiful summer First-day morning, as the good lady emerged from the doorway of the little meeting-house, and paced slowly down the narrow entry which led to the public road; for her composure had been greatly upset that morning, and even the consciousness that for some considerable time back she had foreseen and prophesied what had at last happened, failed to restore tranquillity to her ruffled feelings.

Only two years since William Pollard, the only son of one of the most faithful ministers, who had been, as far as her principals would allow of such a distinction, a peculiar favorite of Mary Catherine's, had disgraced himself for ever in her estimation by taking to himself a wife from the forbidden circles of the outer world. Mary Catherine had shown her displeasure at the time in the most unflinching manner; she had treated young William with chilling coldness; she had allowed the wedding to pass over without the smallest gift or expression of good-will from herself, and had delayed her call upon the bride until weeks and even months had passed away.

Mrs. William Pollard however happened to be a very sensible as well as charming young lady, and had shown ever since her marriage a strong desire to conciliate rather than outrage the prejudices of her husband's "Society."

Her trousseau, rich and handsome enough to satisfy even the fastidious taste of a Friend, was subdued and sober in tone, her house-linen was exquisite, and she begged Mary Catherine's advice on the subject of marking and darning in a way which went very far to soften that good lady's heart.

Still, as she emphatically repeated, it was the thin end of the wedge. Caroline Pollard might be an exception to the rule—there was no doubt that she was a pleasant well-disposed young woman; but the marriage remained a violation of principle, and as such could not fail to bring forth evil results. So Mary Catherine had declared at the time, and that morning her words were borne in upon her more strongly than ever.

"Well, Mary Somerville," she began tartly, as, the broad street once reached, she paused for a moment in response to a smiling greeting from a sweet-faced old Friend who stood awaiting her—"well, Mary Somerville, my words have come true, thou seest. A pretty exhibition for a meeting-house! I wonder William Pollard has not wisdom enough left to keep his house free of such guests! At least he might have shown more respect to his fathers than to introduce yonder flighty creature within these walls—a regular play-actress like ——"

"Oh, nay—nay," interrupted the old lady gently; "thou art hasty, Mary Catherine! The lassie has a very sweet quiet face of her own, and thou knowest she conducted herself in a seemly manner throughout. She has not our ways; but I doubt not ——"

"Our ways—our ways!" Mary Catherine's face was flushed with annoyance. "Nay, indeed, I trust not! To come to meeting on First-days arrayed in ball-dresses and feathers was never among our ways, I trust Mary Somerville. I wonder to hear thee excuse such frivolity. I shall stay here and speak to Caroline Pollard; she shall see plainly what I think!"

Old Mrs. Somerville turned round with an air of repressed eagerness, and stood beside her friend, facing the narrow passage, down which two girls were slowly approaching, standing out very conspicuously among the little crowd of sombrely-attired figures—a tall gray-robed girl in whose garments, in spite of their quiet hue, there still lingered a decided touch of the world of fashion; and by her side a lovely, radiant, white-robed figure, upon which the flickering sunshine glimmered down through the net-work of branches overhead—a dainty little lady, with lace flounces, drooping feathers, and the jingle of twinkling ornaments on neck and wrists. Verily, the sight of Sibyl Aythea, in her girlish grace and beauty, would have very much disturbed the minds of those more accustomed to such visions than the frequenters of the little Brierley meeting-house.

Mrs. Somerville held out her hand as the young wife drew near, and the four ladies made a strikingly picturesque group as they exchanged greetings—Mary Catherine cold and disapproving, Mrs. Pollard rather nervous and agitated, while her lovely friend and the old Quaker lady stood gazing silently at each other, with half-bashful admiration. Each appeared such an altogether strange and unknown being to the other.

Mary Somerville, with her narrow means and quiet uneventful life in the country town, felt her woman's heart drawn instinctively towards this impersonation of youth and beauty; while the spoiled and petted child of fortune, whose life had been spent in wandering, in search of change and recreation, from one quarter of the globe to another, was more conversant with almost every type of humanity than with that represented by this gentle mild eyed lady, in her quaint old-world garments.

"How becoming it is, after all!" said Sibyl Aythea to herself wonderingly; but her opinion changed somewhat as she encountered Mary Catherine's unbending frown.

"Hast thou got thy sister with thee again, Caroline Pollard?"

"No, not my sister this time, Miss Worthington," answered Mrs. Pollard, in her pleasant conciliatory tones; "a friend—my old school friend, Sibyl Aythea."

Miss Aythea bowed graciously—at least, this was the impression that was left on the mind of the beholder. In reality, she had simply raised the long curling eyelashes for a moment, and flashed a smiling glance from her deep gray eyes.

Mrs. Somerville smiled involuntarily; but Mary Catherine gave an impatient "Humph!" and was turning aside, when Mrs. Pollard spoke again.

"You will be able to come to us on Tuesday—won't you, Miss Worthington? You know it is my turn to have the sewing-meeting this week. I do hope you have no other engagement."

"Thank thee, I never do have other engagements on Tuesdays," Mary Catherine replied shortly. "I wish thee good morning, Caroline Pollard." And, pointedly disregarding Miss Aythea's outstretched hand, she turned away and joined the two gentlemen who had been standing, awaiting her, at a very few yards' distance, while Mary Somerville lingered for a few moments, as if loath to say good-bye.

"What a beautiful meeting we had this morning!"

The old lady looked at the fair young stranger as she spoke, and Sibyl raised her eyebrows.

"Well—there was not very much of it, was there?"

A smile passed across her sweet gentle face.

"Ah, thou art not a Friend, or thou wouldst not say that, my dear!"

"No, indeed," Mrs. Pollard chimed in energetically. "The less said, the better the meeting is—at least, Will always seems to think so. You have a great deal to learn yet, Sibyl."

William Pollard and his wife were not at evening meeting that day, and Mary Catherine Worthington, noticing their absence with grim displeasure, felt convinced that they had been enticed from the paths of virtue by the influence of that giddy worlding, Sibyl Aythea, and were even now, in all probability, neglecting their privileges and disgracing their upbringing in some other edifice profanely called a place of worship.

Sibyl Athea meanwhile, all unconscious of the storm of indignation which she had created, was enjoying, with a girl's keen delight in anything fresh, the strangeness of her new surroundings.

Until a day or two since she had known little more of the members of the Society of Friends than could be gleaned from the pictures and caricatures to be found in the periodicals of the day.

It had seemed an extraordinary thing to her that Carrie Darcy should be actually married to a Quaker, and, if it had not been for a chance meeting in London, when she had discovered that William Pollard was very much as other men and Caroline was as bright and merry as ever, she would have looked forward with a considerable amount of nervousness to the time of her visit to Brierley. As it was, the First-day meeting, with its solemn breathless pauses was a mysterious and astonishing revelation.

The night before she had said to William Pollard—

"And do you sometimes actually come away without a single word being said?"

"Sometimes, but very seldom—we generally have one or two speakers at least."

"But you sit half an hour at a time perfectly quiet?"

"Certainly."

"How funny—how very funny!" Then Miss Aythea had raised those wonderful eyelashes of hers and flashed a merry glance at her host. "I am sure I shall laugh!"

"And I am quite sure you won't—I'm not at all afraid," William Pollard had replied quietly; and, as events proved, he was right.

The square ugly building, the uncomfortable seats and small high windows, appeared ludicrous enough to the stranger's fastidious eyes; but, when the doors were shut and the meeting gathered into that strange indescribable stillness which can be realized only by those who have felt it; when the quiet faces of the elders in their raised seats assumed with every passing moment a more far-off and mystical expression and not a sound could be heard throughout the building but the slow ticking of the large round clock on the wall, Sibyl felt her breath come quickly; her eyes grew dim, a feeling of awe came over her, and an uncomfortable lump rose in her throat. So far from laughing, she had to acknowledge to herself that she was very much nearer the opposite extreme.

For the first half-hour this strange new feeling excluded any definite thought; but, the meeting was an unusually silent one, as time went on and the novelty wore away her attention began to wander wonderingly over the more prominent figures before her.

What had been the history of these good people? Were they really as calm and peaceful, as far removed from the cares and turmoil of life, as their faces would lead one to suppose? Gray hairs were there in abundance—gray hairs and many a line and wrinkle, which spoke of past anxiety and trouble; but, for the present, on each downcast face there was only one expression—that of absolute peace.

From the ministers' gallery Sibyl's attention strayed on to the benches immediately around her, where sat the younger members of the community, in whom she could not help feeling a curious interest: but the quiet look of patient contentment which was so beautiful on the faces of the older Friends was wanting there.

It was a strange and interesting experience, and Sibyl came back to the vulgar outer world with something of a shock as, turning her head towards the seats on her right, she suddenly encountered the fixed and openly admiring gaze of a pair of steel-blue eyes, looking from a decidedly handsome and yet, in some unaccountable way, repulsive face.

She felt the color rush into her cheeks as she drew herself up and turned hastily away; she was too accustomed to the homage almost universally paid to her beauty to feel the slightest degree of satisfaction in this very evident admiration, or indeed anything but annoyance at the cool insolence of the inspection.

Miss Somerville's sweet face however was attractive enough to haunt her persistently throughout the following day and on Tuesday morning the remembrance was still sufficiently vivid to make the thought of seeing her again the principal anticipated pleasure of the afternoon sewing-meeting.

"That dear old lady—she had such a sweet unearthly expression!"

"Mary Somerville? Yes, every one loves her; she is just an ideal old Friend," Mrs. Pollard assented.

"If I were a Qua—I beg your pardon, a Friend—I would never let any one be a minister—the ministers are the ones who sit on that raised bench, aren't they?—until they had white hair. Brown hair looks quite out of place."

Caroline smiled.

"Ah, you mean that for Mary Catherine! Well, the compliment was returned, my dear; she did not at all approve of you, I could see! How she scowled! I should not be surprised if she had a concern to come and interview William on the subject of worldly visitors."

Miss Aythea stared blankly.

"You wouldn't be surprised if she had a what?"

"A concern. They call it a concern when it is borne upon them that it is their duty to speak seriously to any one for his good. Mary Catherine has a great many concerns."

"How dreadful! Do you think she will want to speak to me?"

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Pollard, laughing, "you needn't be frightened; you are not a Friend! If it is any one it will be William, and he is quite able to stand up for himself. However, you must try to ingratiate yourself with her this afternoon—or perhaps, after all, don't let her see you work—she is dreadfully particular, and would be sure to point out you shortcomings before the whole assembly. Poor Mary Catherine, it's a pity she is so disagreeable; she means well, I am sure!"

"You are very charitable! I must say I thought her exceedingly unattractive; and yet I don't see why she should be—she's rather handsome, or would be if she didn't look so cross. And she's not very old, is she?"

"About fifty, I think. And William says she used to be the prettiest girl in meeting; but she has had a very unhappy life. Old Joshua Worthington, the father, is a tremendously rich man, but I don't fancy he is agreeable to live with. Poor Mary Catharine is reported to have had a desperate love-affair with some one she met when she was away from home thirty years ago or so; but Joshua wouldn't hear of it, because the elder daughter, his favorite child, had married very unhappily, and he was afraid this might turn out badly too—at least that is the reason he gave out; but people think it was really because she was too useful to him, and he did not want to part with her. Will says that changed her completely; and it really is enough to sour any one, to give up one's whole life for one's father's sake, and then have him completely neglect and slight one, and bestow all his attentions on a horrible creature like that grandson of his."

Miss Aythea started.

"Was that the younger of the two gentlemen who walked home with her on Sunday? He is horrid! I noticed him in meeting, and thought he had a most disagreeable face."

"He noticed you too," said Mrs. Pollard drily; "but I'm glad you did not return his admiration, Sibyl. Will and I dislike him cordially, and I cannot understand old Joshua's infatuation. However"—with a sigh—"better people than he are taken in by him, unfortunately!"

Sibyl looked up inquiringly, but Mrs. Pollard was evidently not inclined to volunteer further information, and the conversation ceased for a few moments. Miss Aythea lay back in her easy-chair, gazing dreamily before her in contented silence. Suddenly a gleam of laughter passed over her face, and she looked up with mischievous eyes.

"Will she come in her bonnet?"

"Of course she will! You don't suppose she will come in a hat, do you? Whatever made you ask that question?"

"Oh, I don't know! I thought perhaps she might live near, and come round in her cap, and I do so want her to come in the things she wore last Sunday. I'm going to try her things on. I'm just dying to see how I should look!"

"Well, I can tell you—not nearly so well as you do in your own. The bonnets are hideously unbecoming," returned Mrs. Pollard, grimacing slightly. "Whatever you do, Sibyl, don't get me into trouble with Mary Catherine by any of your wild capers. I don't mind so much for myself, but it would really be dreadfully uncomfortable for Will if she imagined herself insulted by anything that happened here. You'll be careful, won't you, dear?"

"Careful! I'll be prudence personified; you see if I'm not! I would not get that nice kind man into trouble for anything in the world!"

Nevertheless Miss Sibyl, who was accustomed to have her own way, was quite determined to carry out her purpose. Those short scanty skirts, limp shawls, and enormous bonnets were to her something entirely new in the way of costume, and she was not by any means so sure as Carrie that they would be unbecoming. At any rate the effect must be tried.

Mary Catherine would be none the wiser for the ponderous bonnet, however its dignity might be outraged, would fortunately not be able to tell any tales of the way it had been treated, or the tricks which had been practised with its aid.

CHAPTER II.

THE sewing-meeting was supposed to commence at four o'clock precisely, so Mrs. Pollard and her friend dined in the middle of the day, for the prescribed Dorcas tea was of the simplest and plainest description.

"It used to be different a year or two ago, when I first came," explained Mrs. Pollard—"a regular good north-country 'thick' tea—you know the sort of thing: potted shrimps in pink paper ruffles, and Paysandu in white, sardines, tinned lobster—only you pretended it was fresh, of course—in a glass dish, eggs—every cold and flabby delicacy of the season, in fact; but some of the Friends are very poorly off, Mary Somerville among the rest, and it was thought that it was rather a tax upon them when it came round to their turn to have the meeting, so now we are restricted to buns."

"Oh, dear me!" exclaimed Sibyl blankly. "And how does Mr. Pollard like that, if I may ask?"

Carrie laughed merrily.

"You don't mean to say that you imagine for a moment that he has tea with us? No, indeed! The first time I had the meeting we arranged that he should have his dinner at the usual hour, in the den, and he said he would choose it himself, and have a regular bachelor feast. Well, my dear, just as we had all settled down to work again after tea, the most awful smell of cooking filled the whole house—'Steak and onions,' as plainly as any words could say it—and then smoke—the smoke of a cigar! Oh, my feelings! And Mary Catherine asked, in an awful voice, if we were not to have the pleasure of seeing William Pollard. We never tried it again; but now when it is Amy's turn George comes over here and dines with Will, and when it is my turn Will goes over there. We always leave them a particularly good dinner, and when all the Friends are gone, they come across and we talk over the proceedings together."

Sibyl was by this time sufficiently initiated in Brierley society to recognize in "George" and "Amy" the Mr. and Mrs. Lee who were not only opposite neighbors, but both intimate friends of her host and hostess.

George Lee was one of those who had degenerated by first marrying out of the Society, and then refusing to be convinced of the error of his choice; and his wife a pretty little woman of six-and-twenty, who, with her slender figure, great dark eyes, and closely clipped boyish hair, had a wonderful knack of looking ten years younger than her age, had already made Miss Aythea's acquaintance.

The two ladies lounged in their luxurious chair, and read their novels after dinner, as a little respite before the fray; but just as soon as the clock struck three Mrs. Pollard threw her volume on one side, and rose, with a yawn, to commence the work of preparation.

The various small tables, with their superfluous photographs and ornaments, were ruthlessly removed, the large easy lounges pushed into corners and their places taken by a circle of straight-backed high-seated chairs; a long table was placed in the centre of the room and piled up with bundles of calico, flannel, and winceys; and the pretty luxurious room appeared at once formidable and business-like.

Mrs. Somerville and Mary Catherine Worthington were among the first guests to arrive, and, while the latter took her place as cutter-out and superintendent in general at the centre table, Sibyl ensconced the old lady in a comfortable chair by the window, and drew up a little stool by her side, determined to make the most of this opportunity of improving her acquaintance.

Mary Somerville, in a black-satin dress and delicate white cap, with the soft folds of muslin round the throat fastened by a gold brooch, was, she thought, one of the most beautiful pictures of old age she had ever seen; but she was by no means a brilliant conversationalist, and, as time wore on, and she became absorbed in her work, the quaint little sentences became less and less frequent.

Sibyl however had an amazing source of interest and bewilderment in the rough calico garment she had rashly taken in hand. Such an extraordinary garment! She held it out and turned it upside down, in confusion and consternation. Could it really be possible that any one wore clothing of such shape and material? Where on earth was she to begin to join the thing together?

Carrie was busily engaged at the other end of the room, and it would be betraying her ignorance too terribly to appeal to her. She stole a glance at Mrs. Somerville's work and felt a pang of disappointment at the sight of a different color and material.

"It isn't the same thing at all, and if I ask her she will be shocked to find how ignorant I am. I haven't the least idea what to do next—I shall be sewing the arms together or doing something dreadful! What shall I do?"

Sibyl looked up mournfully, and saw a gleam of amusement and intelligence in two brown eyes opposite, looking out of an honest, pleasant, girlish face, to which she felt attracted at once. The brown-eyed girl lifted her work and surveyed it leisurely, held the seam out as if to straighten it, then laid it down upon her knees and smoothed it out.

Sibyl flashed back an answering glance, and fell to work at once; but for the rest of the afternoon she had two friends instead of one in her corner, and was very thankful for the addition, for the young hostess was far too much taken up with her duties to have any time to spare for her visitor.

The attendance at the fortnightly Dorcas Meeting was very uncertain, and determined by many and fluctuating circumstances, amongst which the state of the weather and the attractiveness of the house at which it was held were most important.

Mrs. Pollard, with a vivid remembrance of the sensation caused by her friend's appearance on First-day, was quite prepared for a larger attendance than usual; but her good-tempered equanimity began to fail her as ring after ring sounded from the outer door, and one batch of workers had scarcely arrived when another was announced.

The banished chairs had long since been returned to their places, and the hostess began to disappear from the room after each fresh arrival, returning with heightened color, followed by a servant carrying additional seats—first the highly respectable velvet and mahogany of the dining-room, then the library's more modest tapestry and oak, finally the despised cane and wicker from the upper stories, until at last, in a hurried whisper, she acknowledged the supply to be exhausted.

"If any more come, they will have to sit on the stairs! Did you ever see anything like it? There is Keziah Tatham, who has never been to a meeting since I came! Every one has turned out! It's to see you, Sibyl! And, oh dear me, I don't believe there'll be half enough buns! I only calculated for twenty, at the most—and there are over thirty. Sibyl, you must have only bread-and-butter, and you too, Annie"—turning to Miss Aythea's brown-eyed friend, who tossed her head independently.

"Why should I not have my bun as well as the rest?" she demanded. "I'm not going to make any rash promises!"

To Mrs. Pollard's relief, no more visitors came to occupy her staircase; but it was necessary to set to work to provide employment for those who were already waiting; and Miss Worthington, snapping her huge scissors, as she leaned over the table, looked searchingly round the room till Sibyl, meeting her eyes, was surprised to find herself unmistakably beckoned to her side.

It was with a sensation of considerable relief that the girl sprang up from her seat and crossed the room; long spells of plain uninteresting work were a new and not altogether welcome experience, especially on a close summer afternoon, and even a change of position was welcome.

Mary Catherine held out her hand.

"It was thy work I wanted. I must have a pattern to cut from and thou art not very busy, I fancy."

Sibyl smiled frankly; there was indeed a very small seam to show, but the little that was done was exquisitely neat and fine and she was so free from embarrassment in giving it up as to be even inclined to conversation.

"Are you going to make some more things like that? But it's a dreadful pattern isn't it? I never saw such a clumsy shape, and it must take a lot of material too—so wasteful!" exclaimed Miss Sibyl, privately pluming herself on her professional air of knowing all about such matters, and serenely unconscious of Mrs. Worthington's indignation at the offensive adjective. "I have a very nice shape up-stairs, if you, like——"

Mary Catherine interrupted her with an impatient exclamation.

"We have all very nice patterns, I doubt not," she said snappishly, "and would not need to be beholden to thee if such things were needed; but thou art forgetting, I think, that we are making clothes for working-girls, and not for use in thy class of life."

Miss Aythea opened her eyes widely.

"But they are the same shape as we, aren't they?" she asked; and, to Mrs. Pollard's horror, there was a subdued titter distinctly audible from the young folk's corner.

Mary Catherine turned round rather angrily.

"And if they are, young lady, that is no reason why they should be dressed as thou art, is it? Wouldst thou propose to decorate and trim their garments with lace and embroidery, like thine own, as well as make them of the same pattern? answer me that!"

Miss Aythea hesitated a moment, a little bewildered by this outburst of indignation and the sudden silence in the room; but, in spite of her gentle manner, she had the courage of her opinions, and spoke out fearlessly, though preserving a sweet appealing tone.

"Yes, I should. I would not trim them so much, of course; but I'd make them pretty. Don't you think there would be a much better chance of getting the poor souls to keep themselves clean and tidy if you gave them really nice things instead of such—such sacks like these?"

Sibyl looked up archly, and the hostess felt she could never be sufficiently thankful for the loud ringing of the bell and the opportune announcement of tea which interrupted such a dangerous discussion.

Mrs. Pollard, settling down to work again after the little excitement of tea, and bidding farewell to such of the Friends as made the distance from home and family claims an excuse for avoiding the two hours' additional work, felt a pang of dismay at a private summons to the little work-room on the second floor.

"One of the ladies wishes to see you, ma'am, as soon as possible," said Mary, with a particularly lugubrious air, which at once caught her mistress' attention.

The afternoon had been rather a trying occasion in more respects than one; she was beginning to long for eight o'clock, and to feel devoutly thankful that her turn for the Dorcas meeting would not come round again for several months. So it was with a somewhat tired and dejected air that she left the room, ascending the staircase, and pushed open the work-room door.

The blinds were drawn down, although the daylight was still clear and bright, and the dim light of the gas gave an air of mystery to the commonplace surroundings. Carrie darted an anxious glance at the sofa, expecting to see at least one fainting and dishevelled figure, and was just drawing a long breath of relief on finding it bare and empty, when a harsh voice sounded from the shadow of the doorway—

"Sit down, Caroline Pollard. I have a

word or two to speak with thee."

Mrs. Pollard started violently. From the corner a dark figure confronted her, and a pale face peeped from under the shadow of an enormous bonnet.

Mary Catherine Worthington's voice sounded in her ears and yet a moment before she had left that good lady busily engaged with a roll of flannel downstairs! She put her hand to her side and stood as if transfixed.

Then, with a sudden remembrance, she darted forward, turned the gas up and sank breathlessly into the nearest chair.

"Sibyl—you horrid girl, how dare you startle me so! What on earth are you thinking of?"

The black-robed figure sat motionless, with bowed head and folded arms; but a soft explosion of laughter came from the other side of the room, and two flushed mischievous faces appeared from behind the sofa.

"Isn't it lovely?" "Didn't she do it splendidly?" "Oh, if you had only seen your face, Carrie!" cried the laughing voices in turn. "I never knew anything so funny!"

"Didn't you, indeed? I'm sorry for you, then," answered the hostess with a touch of indignation. "I don't see anything very funny myself. Sibyl, I asked you not to run any risks. Amy Lee, I think a married woman of your age might find something better to do than to hide behind sofas to frighten people. I'm surprised at you Annie—you always pretend to be so industrious! I don't think you need all go and leave me."

There was another outburst of laughter from the two unabashed conspirators.

"My age, indeed! Listen to her; isn't she spiteful?" cried one; while the other rose to her full height, and stretched her arms lazily.

"Well, I did work until tea-time, and then you knocked off my food, so what can you expect? You can't work on nothing, can you, Miss Worthington?"

Sibyl Aythes raised her face, framed in the deep bonnet and gazed sombrely at her friend in return to this inquiry. Not a muscle quivered, nor did her features show a trace of merriment, though at the fuller sight of her face Caroline herself broke down helplessly, and tittered with the others.

It was such a lovely face—the exquisite pink-and-white of cheeks and brow, the glimpse of golden hair, the beautiful eyes, all shown to perfection by their sombre framing, as if triumphantly refusing to be hidden by any barbarous perversion of fashion.

Miss Aythes was evidently an accomplished actress; she sat regarding the trio opposite, in unbroken silence, while now and then a twitch of the eyelids or an abrupt movement of the limbs would be the invariable signal for a fresh burst of merriment, showing how characteristic and true to life was the imitation.

"Oh dear," cried Mrs. Pollard at last, wiping her eyes, "for mercy's sake, stop, Sibyl! I must go down-stairs, and I daren't stir a step till I see these things safely put back. You're a dreadful girl; you never think what the consequences will be if you are discovered. It's very incon——" Here Caroline broke down in a peal of laughter once more, as a new trick of Mary Catherine's expression confronted her in reply, and she concluded by a contradictory but emphatic wish that Will were only there to enjoy it too.

"And George! Oh, you must dress up some other time for them!" cried little Mrs. Lee. "But where could we get the things? Do you think any one would lend them to us?"

Annie Riley shook her head.

"Oh, no! We asked Mary Somerville for one of her old bonnets once, but she said, 'Nay, dear;' she knew we wanted it for dressing up. But I'll tell you what we could do"—turning to Sibyl, who by this time was removing her borrowed garments, and trying to fold the cloak in the same neat fashion in which she had found it. "I have a paper pattern at home that I could lend you, and with it we could easily manufacture one between us, and make the cloak out of some old black material. It would always come in for charades or theatricals, if you go in for that sort of thing."

"Yes, I'm very fond of acting. With a little more study, I'm sure I could do Mary Catherine to perfection. How do I manage the voice? If I once got that right, I'd have a 'concern' to speak to Mr. Pollard one evening when it was dark. Now, I think of it, there is a lot of things I want to say to him."

"Oh, play as many tricks on Will as you like; it will be good fun! Perhaps Annie will come to lunch to-morrow and help us manufacture your finery," said Mrs. Pollard, eager to furnish any amusement for her town-bred friend, and at the same time to get the stolen garments safely replaced. "But in the meantime come downstairs, or I'll never forgive you!"

"I'm going home," remarked Amy Lee. "I can catch a glimpse of George and William sitting smoking in the window opposite, and it's too much for my feelings. Don't glare now, Carrie. The last meeting I had you went home before tea, so I am better than you, at any rate!"

"Tell Will he is to come over the moment they have gone, then," replied Carrie, prudently refusing to discuss the question further, and, going down-stairs, followed by the two girls.

They meekly settled down to work again, while little Mrs. Lee, running across the road, was soon seated beside the two gentlemen, and relating the afternoon's experiences.

When at last eight o'clock struck, they caught glimpses through the open window of black-robed ladies slowly making their way down the garden-path opposite, and dispersing in various directions, Annie Riley's tall figure being conspicuous among them.

Mr. Pollard uttered an exclamation of dismay as she passed by with Mary Catherine Worthington as her solitary companion.

"Poor Annie—won't she be disgusted! Mary Catherine is going to walk! The carriage hasn't come for her, and they go almost all the way together. I wonder what on earth they will find to talk about?"

"She will have a good opportunity of studying the bonnet, at any rate," said Amy easily, watching, with an amused smile, Mary Catherine's quaint outline as she slowly passed out of sight.

Conversation meanwhile, as the onlookers had imagined, did not flow very briskly between Mary Catherine and her young companion. Each was somewhat wearied with the long afternoon's work, and engrossed in her own reflections thereon; but as they turned by a side-path into a wide road lined with handsome well-gardened houses, the noise of a gate suddenly thrown open sounded from behind, and hasty footsteps hurried after them.

"Good evening, Miss Worthington—good evening Miss Annie! I thought I recognized you as you passed the garden just now."

Mary Catherine returned the greeting in what was for her a particularly gracious manner; but Annie held out her hand in silence, with a slight compression of the lips.

She had seen, if her companion had not, the tall figure lurking in the background, in the shade of the trees, and did not look upon the recognition as altogether accidental.

"Hast thou been to see my father this afternoon, Edward Waters?" Miss Worthington enquired, as the new-comer turned to walk onward by her side, with the ease of an old and welcome friend. "How dost thou find him? He is well for his years, is he not? He is over eighty now, thou knowest."

Doctor Waters hesitated for a moment, then hastened to answer, with reassuring earnestness—

"He is indeed; he has a magnificent constitution. I only hesitated because I think he is rather apt to take advantage of it himself, and at his age he ought to keep very quiet; any shock or agitation might——"

"Nay," interrupted Mary Catherine, with her shadowy smile, "we need hardly discuss that probability, I think; the Homestead is not a likely spot for such experiences, thou knowest."

Doctor Waters smiled too, as if he quite agreed with Miss Worthington; but the next moment his face wore an anxious and careworn look, as he glanced at her companion, who was indifferent to, if not absolutely heedless of the conversation.

Annie was indeed contemplating an escape and beginning to cast about in her mind for an excuse to get away from her two companions, whose company was not only uncongenial, but also, for different reasons, decidedly embarrassing. But, while she was still hesitating, Mary Catherine unexpectedly came to a standstill, and held out her hand in farewell.

"I shall take this turning to-night, I think. Good evening to thee, Annie! Good evening, Edward Waters; thou wilt see her safely home in my stead, I doubt not."

"Miss Worthington!" exclaimed Annie indignantly; but Mary Catherine had walked away, and she could only turn to the companion who was left, with heightened color and angry protest.

"Miss Worthington is seized with an unusual fit of carefulness this evening; she doesn't usually insist on providing me with an escort home. Please don't let me keep you from your patients, Doctor Waters. I know quite well——"

"I have finished with all my patients for to-day, and am quite at liberty now to devote myself to my own pleasures. You are not going to grudge me even this little walk with you, are you, Miss Annie?"

And there was a subtle change both in the doctor's voice and manner as he spoke, which had the effect of increasing his hearer's annoyance.

"I do wish Mary Catherine would mind her own business! I hate having people told off to walk home with me, as if I were a child two years old!" she exclaimed testily, throwing back her head, and looking for once thoroughly ill-humored.

Doctor Waters made no reply; but lines bespeaking pain or disappointment showed themselves on his brow, and he bowed his head as if in anxious and perplexing thought.

His was an interesting face, with, as a rule, an expression of quiet cheerfulness and strength lighting up somewhat worn and irregular features; but to-night, as he walked along by the side of the girl in silence after her hasty speech, there was a look of weariness about both face and figure which Annie was too warm-hearted not to notice with compunction.

"There," she said at last, breaking the silence with a laugh, "I am sorry—don't take any notice of what I say, Doctor Waters! I am in a bad temper. Let me give you a hint for your guidance in the future—always avoid my company on Tuesday evenings! If you see me coming along cross over the road, go down another street, avoid me as you would the plague! Four hours' plain sewing is too much for my constitution and I am bound to be disagreeable!"

Doctor Waters turned and looked at her closely for a moment or two, with a very tender scrutiny.

"You look tired!" he said. "You would have been better employed out-of-doors on such a beautiful afternoon as this. Come, Miss Annie, let us leave these dusty streets and take the field-path; it's just a trifle longer, but the fresh air will do you good."

"If I look so tired I ought to go home the nearest way, I should think," Annie protested. But, without entering into any further argument on the subject, her companion led the way down a side street, and the field-path, shady and solitary, lay before them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CHINESE WINE-MAKING.—Wine-making is said to have existed for thousands of years before the introduction of distilling.

The process is simple. Glutinous rice, or hwang-mi, is placed over a fire in a large iron pan and softened with warm water. It is made into a thick, solid sort of a gruel.

This steeped rice is placed on a table with raised edges to prevent the fluid from overflowing. Over the rice, when in this state, the leaven to aid fermentation is sprinkled.

The whole is then mixed and mashed with an iron masher, and remains in a large stoneware jar for several days. If the wine is desired to be of a sweet taste, two days are enough; but for wine without sweet taste about four or five days are required.

To make the second kind of wine stronger, the Chinese brewer often adds spirit. After all this the wine, solid and liquid parts together, is placed in a cloth bag, and this goes into a pressing chest of wood, called chu, the wine press.

A heavy stone presses it down and the wine flows out from a sort of teapot spout in the side of the press. The remainder of solid matter is called lees, and is used to feed animals or as a ferment.

The method of distilling was introduced in the Yuen dynasty. To the wooden cylinder which holds the millet there are three covers.

The outer and upper one contains cold water and keeps the second cover cool to condense the spirit. The spirit rises from the softened red millet below, which has been under manipulation for several days, and passes through the first cover to the second.

It here becomes condensed and flows down the sides into a circular trough which receives it and delivers and it from a spout. Williams and Morrison's Dictionary and Legge's Classics seem to have been supplied with the impression that the Chinese practised distillation in ancient times. This is an error. The Chinese only knew the ordinary process of fermentation.

Bric-a-Brac.

VESSELS' NAMES.—The number of queer and foreign names in the list of the English navy is accounted for by the custom in old times of converting every captured vessel to the service of the captor with the old name retained. As the original vessel wore out, the one that was built to replace it received the same name, so that all such names commemorate some victory won in former times.

A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN.—Hermann Boerhaave, professor of medicine, botany, and chemistry in the University of Leyden in Holland, was one of the greatest physicians of the eighteenth century. Patients came to him from all parts of Europe, Peter the Great being one of his visitors, and it is said that a Chinese mandarian sent him a letter addressed to "Herr Boerhaave, celebrated physician, Europe." It is related of him that he held the elder-tree in such high honor for its many virtues that he always took off his hat whenever he passed one.

ODD DEATHS.—The Italian architect Della Porta, the scholar Manutius, the Dutch painter Dujarnin—and how many others, more or less celebrated—have succumbed to dyspepsia. Castello, a Spanish painter of the seventeenth century, died because he recognised his inferiority to Murillo—a degree of self-conscious humility to which no painter has since attained. An hour before Malherbe, the great French writer breathed his last, he woke suddenly from a profound swoon to reprove his nurse for using a word which, in his opinion, was indifferent French.

ABOUT THE SPINNING JENNY.—In 1764 James Hargreaves invented a machine for spinning a number of threads at once, to which the name of jenny was given. It has been said that the machine was so called after his wife or daughter, but as he had no daughter and his wife's name was Elizabeth, it is clear that some other derivation must be found for the word. And in truth the explanation is not far to seek. Jenny is simply ginie, the little (en)gine. Several different kinds of machines were popularly known in Lancashire and elsewhere as ginis, a shortened form of engines.

THE KERNEL OF A COCOA-NUT.—Here is a whole cocoa-nut. You would be puzzled to get the "meat" out without breaking the shell, but I will tell you how this is done by the natives of India and Ceylon, where the cocoa palm grows. First of all, they pierce the "eye" of the nut, and next they fill it with salt water. Then they plug up the eye, and bury the nut in the soil or sand. There it lies for a few weeks, and when they dig it out and open the eye, the kernel (which has decayed in the meanwhile) is easily washed out. The shell, having been thoroughly cleaned and dried, is usually carved and polished, and forms quite a pretty ornament.

FIGURES.—The following is said to be a very curious puzzle: Open a book at random and select a word within the first ten lines, and within the tenth word from the end of the line. Mark the word. Now double the number of the page and multiply the sum by five. Then add twenty. Then add the number of the line you have selected. Then add five. Multiply the sum by ten. Add the number of the word in the line. From this sum subtract 250, and the remainder will indicate in the unit column the number of the word; in the ten column the number of the line, and the remaining figures the number of the page.

WHEN DO THE BIRDS RISE?—"Up with the lark" has almost become a proverb, but it seems that this is not at all fair to several other birds who are early risers. The credit of being first up is said to belong to the greenfinch, which sings as early as half-past one on a summer morning. An hour later the blackcap tunes up, and the quail follows him within some thirty minutes. By four, when Sol himself has been up for a considerable time, the blackbird makes the woods resound with his melody. Half-an-hour later the thrush is audible, and then at short intervals the voices of the robin and the wren are heard in the land, the house-sparrow and tomtit coming last. It appears that the lark does not rise until after the chaffinch, linnet and a number of other hedgerow folk have been merrily piping for a good while.

WHEN all is consumed, repentance comes too late.

"ONLY."

BY S. A. W.

Only a little tiny spark,
Falling so softly down:
In one short hour a frightful glare
Shall rouse the sleeping town.

Only a careless, mocking smile,
A foolish, ill-timed jest:
It quenched the dawning of a love
Too weak to bear the jest.

Only the shadow of a doubt,
The whisper of a friend:
It sent two lives to grieve apart,
Mistaken to the end.

Back from the Grave

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCHWORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

VERE MANNESTY'S NARRATIVE RESUMED.

SO the truth was out at last. Marcus Basset had betrayed himself, whether by accident or design I could not tell; but I knew now the motive for this treacherous deed, which had baffled me all this time.

He wished to marry Christabel—he who had compassed the death of one wife wished to call my darling his own, and would carry her off in spite of all if something were not done to hinder him! One thing was very plain.

I must rescue Christabel, or perish in the attempt.

That evening I waylaid poor half-witted Joel Blake, who had been on an errand to the village.

I had been watching for him for many hours, for I felt I must contrive to convey some message to Christabel before leaving Fenmore End even for a day.

From the poor idiot's rather incoherent utterances, I made out that he knew Christabel by sight, and that she walked sometimes in the little garden.

I gave him a scrap of paper, making him understand that he was to give it to her when nobody was looking.

On Wednesday morning I started on foot for Alton Edge, to see the Lovelaces, and try to convince Trevor that force as well as fraud was being resorted to in order to keep Christabel from her friends.

Trevor was a lawyer, and as such somewhat hard to convince; but, if I once succeeded in winning him over, he would prove a staunch and valuable ally.

I reached my destination at luncheon-time, and found Winifred alone.

Trevor had been summoned away on magisterial business, and would not be back till the following day.

Every hour's delay seemed an eternity to me; but there was nothing for it but to wait.

I had more hope in Trevor's influence with the Bassets than in anything under the sun.

He had always stood their friend, and if anything could move them it would be the knowledge that they would forfeit his good-will and support.

I told my tale to Winifred, who listened with the utmost horror. She decided at once to drive over to Fenmore End that very afternoon, and insist upon seeing Christabel.

I went with her in the carriage. I had not very much hope of the success of this scheme, yet I knew that the Bassets would keep up appearances before the Lovelaces as long as possible.

Winifred had plenty of tact and audacity, particularly in Trevor's absence, and I felt that, if she once got a footing in that house, she would be loath to quit it without seeing Christabel.

But we were not destined to succeed in our plan.

"Mrs. Basset and Miss Devereux are out driving," we heard, when we drew up at the door; and the man added that they had only just started, and would probably not be back till nearly dark.

Mr. Basset was away from home; he would not return until about the end of the week.

If this last piece of information were true it boded ill for us.

What had taken him away but the necessity for making some arrangements for his marriage with Christabel? The same idea occurred to both of us, and the drive home was a very silent one.

"If Trevor fails in making anything of the Bassets, I shall take the law into my own hands and carry her off by force some night early next week," I said. "I will not wait longer than that. Our banns are published—all is ready; we could be married at any moment. Let me once get six or eight hours' start of Marcus Basset, and I can afford to defy him."

Winifred pressed my hand in token of sympathy.

"Yes, yes, Vere—you speak like a man and a lover—like the brave good boy you are! Give Trevor a week to see what diplomacy can do, and, if it fails, then make your arrangements for next Wednesday night. Rescue her and bring her here, and Mr. Hornbury shall marry you the next morning. I will manage him and Trevor, and you manage Christabel."

I felt better after this exchange of confidence. A definite plan seemed to give me strength and purpose.

I knew I should have an ally in Joel, and I had great hopes, from the lonely situation of Christabel's rooms and from Basset's trust in his iron bars, that I should be able to set the captive free without arousing the household.

Trevor returned on Thursday evening, and listened with judicial gravity to my tale.

He admitted that things looked suspicious, and that Christabel was evidently being detained against her will; but he could not say without further inquiry whether Basset was going beyond his powers in the matter; and he plainly said that until I could disprove the evidence of the certificates nobody could blame the girl's guardian for acting in rather an autocratic manner.

I told him of the difficulty I was in, not knowing the name of the place where the supposed marriage took place, and he promised to ascertain that at the earliest opportunity.

It was not however till late on Saturday evening that he came back with the necessary intelligence.

Basset had been away, he said, and it was only by resolutely awaiting his return that he had succeeded in obtaining an interview.

Trevor's suspicions were evidently aroused now by the oddness of his cousin's manner, and he told me plainly that, should the evidence of the certificates prove in any way to have been manufactured, he would support me to the utmost of his power in rescuing Christabel from so unscrupulous a man.

We wrote off that night to the clergyman of the parish in Cumberland in whose registers these entries were supposed to be found; and we might hope for an answer at some time on Wednesday.

As I knew well what that answer must be, I made all my preparations for a rescue that same night.

I was very restless during those weary days of waiting.

Sometimes I was at Alton Edge, sometimes at the Manor House with my father and mother, telling them all the news, and then again at my lonely rooms in the little inn at Fenmore End, feeling more satisfied when actually in sight of Christabel's prison than at any other time.

Nobody knew exactly where I was in those days, and Winifred called me the Wandering Jew.

On Sunday night I met Joel Blake in the village, and took him up to my room to have a long talk with him.

By the exercise of considerable patience I made him understand my plan, and as soon as he grasped my meaning he uttered a long string of incoherent expressions of good-will.

His dislike and distrust of his master were increasing, as was also his pity for Christabel, over whose captivity he shook his head, with much concern and solemnity.

He would be there, he said, with the ladder, on Wednesday night; and I knew that when once a definite idea had taken possession of that clouded brain it never forsook it.

Whatever happened, I could trust Joel to be at the trysting-place; he at least would not fail me.

I entrusted to his care a little note for Christabel. I knew the last had been safely delivered, and I felt that she must be warned of what was to happen.

Besides, she must be almost losing heart at this long silence on my part. I must let her know that she was not forgotten.

Monday passed wearily away, but on Tuesday a few lines from my darling gave me new heart and a sense of resolute determination. She wrote:

"I shall be ready. Save me if you can, for I cannot bear this life much longer. The house seems to be quiet by eleven o'clock; but do not come before midnight.

"CHRISTABEL."

It was about two o'clock on Tuesday that this note was brought to me by Joel, and he was in haste to be gone, as his master wanted him that afternoon; but he remembered all the arrangements for the next night, and I let him go, feeling certain that he would do his part.

I was increasingly restless as the hours passed on, and I could not stay indoors, not even after dark.

I went out and paced restlessly along the sea-shore, a heavy sense as of brooding danger haunting me with painful persistency.

Suddenly I heard the sound of hurrying footsteps, and Joel Blake stood before me. Even in the darkness I could see the haggard whiteness of his face.

He had evidently rushed off in the midst of his work, for he was in his shirt-sleeves, and his clothes were disordered and dirty.

He clasped his hands round my arm and gazed into my face, saying slowly and distinctly:

"She says, 'Must not come to-morrow night—must not come to-morrow night'—she says so—must not come!"

And then he cried out, with strange excitement:

"Oh, don't come—don't come! Joel begs and prays young master not to come!"

I did my best to calm the poor faithful creature. Then I tried by questions to elicit from him the reason of his terror and Christabel's message.

"Master bad—he made Joel do it—Joel did not know what for till he said!"

My suspense was becoming intolerable; but I knew I must not frighten poor Joel.

"What have you been doing, Joel?"

"Digging."

"Digging what?"

He looked at me wildly, then whispered in my ear:

"Digging a grave—your grave!"

"My grave!"

I stood silent for a moment, looking at him intently, my heart seeming to stand still.

"Joel," I said, "are you sure it is my grave, and not hers?"

"Yes, yes—not hers! Master said it was for you, if you came."

I began to breathe freely again. If it was only my life he meant to attempt I had little to fear; but how had he divined that I meant to come?

Was it merely a guess, or had he a clue to the plot for to-morrow night? I could not tell, nor did Joel know.

Now that his message was delivered, and the strain was to a certain extent over, he had become hopelessly idiotic. He was shivering in every limb, and his teeth chattered.

The wind was blowing cold off the sea, and the poor fellow had run off to warn me without even staying to put on his coat.

I took off my old cloak—the cloak about which Winifred bantered me so unmercifully—and wrapped it about Joel's shivering frame.

"Go home, Joel—go home and take something hot. You must not fall ill, for I shall want you again at some time, even though I must not come to-morrow night. Yes, I promise you not to come then. If you can tell the lady so, do; but I will not write any more notes."

He left comforted by this assurance, and enjoying the warmth of the old cloak. How pleased Winifred would be to hear I had given it away at last!

Even that thought found a place in my bewildered brain. I went home and passed an uneasy wakeful night, haunted by all sorts of nameless terrors.

Wednesday came and passed without any incident of mark. Joel did not repeat his visit. I wandered round my darling's prison-house, but did not encounter a single living being. No grave could better keep its secrets than did this dark, gloomy, haunted house.

Towards evening Trevor and Winifred drove over to see me.

"We thought you would have been sure to come and see what the afternoon post brought," said Winifred. "Oh, my dear, dear boy, we have found out all about it now; and Marcus Basset is a wicked man, who deserves to be punished! Trevor says so now. He will help you to get Christabel from him."

And then they showed me the letter from the clergyman, and the certificates, and the fraud at once became patent. It was a relative of mine who had made this marriage, and the dates have been cleverly altered, so as to make it appear that I was the Vere Mannesty alluded to.

I had never even heard a rumor of this marriage. Wife and children had died unowned before my great-uncle himself, and I doubt if my own parents knew anything about the matter. How it came to the knowledge of the Bassets passes my comprehension.

Trevor however was fully convinced that mischief was now meant, and that there was no time to be lost; and this idea was corroborated when he heard of my interview with Joel on the seashore the night before.

Something must be done, and that quickly. He would leave me to find out what I could and make my own plans, and would ride over himself early on the morrow to see if we could not hit upon some means of effecting a rescue.

Winifred was anxious to take me back with them to Alton Edge. I think she was half afraid to trust me so near to Marcus Basset's open grave; but I assured her I would not go near the house that night.

So Trevor took his wife away, promising to be over early the next day; and, despite the growing anxiety for Christabel that consumed me, I felt a certain sense of exultation in the consciousness that the period of inaction was over. To-morrow hostilities of some kind would commence, and I was determined that they should end in only one way—by restoring Christabel to me.

Thursday morning came. I had not slept till dawn, so I was rather late in going down stairs to breakfast, and when I entered the parlor I found my landlord awaiting me, with rather a mysterious look upon his face.

He was a very shrewd trustworthy man, in whom I had reposed a good deal of confidence. I had known him more or less from boyhood, and his odd dislike to the Bassets had drawn us a good deal together of late.

"Well, Simpson," I said, as I slowly sat down, "have you some news for me this morning?"

"I'm thinking so, sir, if I may be so bold as to speak my mind. It seems like as if I saw a way of getting at the poor young lady at last."

"That is just what I intend to do in some way or other before the day is out," I answered; "but let me hear your plan."

"Well, sir, it's just this. Mr. Basset came here himself as soon as ever it was fairly day; he looked very wild and white, to my thinking, but he was quiet-like to talk to. You know I'm a tenant of his, and always speak him fair, for all I can't abear the sight of him, and he has no idea but I'd do him a good turn sooner than a bad 'un. Well, sir, he comes to me, and he says as how he wants a closed carriage and a pair of strong horses to be at his house at seven o'clock to-night, to take him to Fenmore Sands. I'm to get them over from Altonbridge early in the day, and rest and feed them well, and send them up to the house at seven o'clock, with a driver who can be trusted. Well, sir, I booked the order, and Jim has started off to Altonbridge to see about it; but I don't think much of his driving and it seems to me, if you're not above the job, there ain't no better driver in all Lincolnshire than yourself, Mr. Mannesty, sir."

Simpson paused for a few moments, and laid his fat forefinger knowingly alongside his nose.

I sat silent, almost afraid to speak, lest my agitation should betray itself.

"You see, sir," continued the worthy fellow, quite content with the visible impression he was making, "I'm main sure as he'll be a carrying off the young lady with him. If he'd been going alone he'd have had his own old 'oss, and said nothing about it to nobody; but he ain't got nothing in his stable as 'ud draw a carriage over these blessed bad roads to Fenmore Sands, so he's got to hire. And then, sir, if you drives the carriage, we can soon contrive that one of the horses casts a shoe and goes so dead lame that there's nothing for it but to stop at the half-way house for another; and, if you'd have a few friends in waiting there—I'll be one, and welcome, if I may be so bold—we'll soon manage to get at the young lady. And, if Mister Basset catches her, when once you've got her, before the parson's made you man and wife—well, then my name's not Jonathan Simpson!"

I drew a long breath, and held out my hand to the landlord.

"Simpson," I said, "you're a right down good fellow, and if ever I can do you a good turn I'll be glad and proud to do it!"

The man's honest face beamed with pleasure and excitement; he was as delighted as a child at his own astuteness. He sat with me while I breakfasted, talking over each detail of the plan and Trevor surprised us at this, an hour at least before I expected him.

Trevor looked grave as he heard of Fenmore Sands, for it was there that many little trading vessels called to take in coal and water, and sailed thence to Holland; and it was very plain that Marcus Basset intended to carry Christabel away to some foreign land, where utterly sundered from her friends, she would fall a helpless victim to his rapacity.

My blood seemed to boil in my veins at the bare thought and Trevor's indignation was little less than mine. Had it not been so, I doubt if a man habitually so cautious and phlegmatic would have entered so warmly into the romantic and hazardous plan of rescue which had been suggested by Simpson.

"I hardly know how far the law would bear us out," he said slowly; "but I am ready to run the risk. I think after all that has passed, Basset will not court exposure. I am a magistrate, and I think I have evidence to warrant my stopping his carrying Christabel away. At any rate I mean to do it. Bring them to the half-way house to-night, and I will undertake that you get twelve hours' clear start of him. Marry her early to-morrow morning at our parish church—Winifred will see to all the details—and then set Basset at defiance. You remain here and make your arrangements; leave those at the half-way house to me, and those at Alton Edge to Winifred. To-night we shall all meet and Christabel will find herself amongst friends."

I kept very close all that day; I did not wish Basset to be aware of my proximity. I saw nothing of Joel Blake, though I half hoped he would come to see me. I spent some of my time in putting finishing touches to my disguise, and in practising the heavy slouching gait and the uncouth speech of the Lincolnshire rustic.

Towards one o'clock Simpson came to me, with an air of mysterious importance.

"There's a little lad here, sir, as I think you'd best speak with. He's got a queer tale to tell, but if it's true it may help us."

The boy, a white-faced little urchin, who seemed scared out of his senses, was accordingly ushered in, and by means of much questioning on the part of Simpson was induced to make the following disclosures:

It appeared that somewhere in the garden of Basset's house was a tree with an uncommonly fine head of mistletoe upon it, such a head as would fetch a handsome price towards Christmas-time in the Altonbridge market.

Tommy Dawes had long set his mind upon gaining possession of this treasure, and was very anxious, like a skilful general, to reconnoitre the field before the time for action.

The previous day he had been despatched by his mother with a message to a relative who lived some few miles away, and was told that, if invited, he might stop the night.

This seemed to Master Tommy too good an opportunity to be lost.

He had remained as late as possible with his relative, but about nine o'clock had expressed his determination to walk home by moonlight; and, as he was a sturdy independent little fellow, he had been permitted to depart at his own time.

Knowing that he would not be expected at home, he had found his way into a farmer's barn not far from Basset's house, and had slept quietly for an hour or two in a warm nest of straw until the night was sufficiently advanced for his purpose.

It was not till midnight or thereabouts that he awoke, and then he made for his

destination as fast as his legs could carry him.

He knew there would be nobody about at that time, and he was eager to make his survey of the spot.

He got over the wall without any difficulty, and made his way cautiously along the garden paths, when suddenly he was brought up sharply, "his heart in his mouth," by seeing a tall dark figure draped in a long cloak standing near to the house.

At first he thought it was Marcus Basset; then, recognizing the cloak, he believed it was I; but when the moon came out from behind a cloud he saw that it was the idiot, Joel Blake.

He was less afraid now, but still he kept himself close, anxious to avoid observation; presently Joel began to talk to himself, and the lad caught some words that sounded like these:

"Joel not be locked in long—Joel not take his bad stuff—Joel too clever for that—ha, ha! Joel knows more than they think for—promised young master to be here—keeps his word always"—and so on.

The boy did not understand what he heard, but I did, only too well.

Presently Joel moved slowly and cautiously round an angle of the house, as if he too were on the watch; and then, all in a moment, came the sound of heavy blows, of a terrible struggle, a heavy fall, and a hollow groan.

The boy had for a time been paralyzed with horror; but at last he mustered up courage to crawl round the building and look.

He then saw Marcus Basset wrapping the long cloak more closely round a prostrate figure that was lying face downwards upon the ground; and, having done this, he began to drag the corpse of Joel Blake steadily away round another angle of the house, after which he deposited the body in an open grave, and commenced filling it up in frantic haste.

Tommy had then made off, frightened almost out of his senses by all he had heard and seen, and had passed the night in the friendly barn that had sheltered him before.

He had not turned up at home till late this morning, and as soon as his mother had heard his story she had brought the child to Simpson, who was the great man of the village, to know what ought to be done.

"Simpson," I said, "you take the boy yourself to Mr. Lovelace. He is a magistrate and the proper person to hear this tale. If he thinks that the evidence is sufficient for the arrest of Basset, he can be arrested at the half-way house to-night."

Simpson took the boy and drove away as soon as the gig could be got ready; and I was left to my own meditations, and to think of the tragic fate of the poor faithful half-witted Joel, who had been buried in the grave he himself had helped to dig!

About dusk Mrs. Simpson came to say that Mr. Basset wished to see the driver who was to take him to Fenmore Sands that evening.

I ran up to my room, donned a red wig and beard I had in readiness, pulled a mangy sealskin cap over my eyes, put on the long heavy coachman's coat of pale drab that reached down to my heels, and thought, as I glanced at the glass, that a more villainous-looking ruffian than myself had seldom been seen in those parts.

As I shambled downstairs my landlady clasped her hands in a rapture of mingled fear and admiration, and murmured softly:

"Why, Mr. Vere, my dear, your own mother would not know you!"

Mrs. Simpson had been my nurse in days gone by, and of course could not make enough of me.

I walked leisurely up to Basset's house. The door stood open; boxes had been brought into the hall; there was all the confusion of speedy departure about the house.

Basset and his mother both came out to speak to me; both instructed me to use secrecy and despatch, and both slipped into my hand a money bribe, which I longed to fling back in their faces.

As Mrs. Basset turned away she said, pointing down a long dark passage:

"If you like to go into the kitchen they will give you a glass of something hot—" and then she followed her son into a dimly-lighted room and closed the door behind her.

A sudden inspiration flashed upon me. Why not seize this opportunity and speak one word of hope to Christabel, to let her know I was near and that the moment of release had almost come?

It was a risk, I knew; but my disguise was impenetrable, and that gave me confidence.

In less time than it has taken me to write this, I had mounted the stairs and was close to the dimly-lighted corridor upon which her rooms opened.

In a dark recess I paused to take off my wig and beard, and as I looked up I beheld Christabel approaching.

As her eyes fell upon me she stopped short, with a look of horror on her face. I felt certain that some peril was at hand, and I therefore resisted the urgent impulse to spring forward and clasp her in my arms.

I stood quite still in the dark shadow, and spoke my words of encouragement in a low whispering tone:

"Courage, my love—to-night we shall be together!"

Her answer was to hide her face in her hands and fly from me, with a shriek of terror! What did it mean? I knew she recognized me. Great heavens—had they driven her mad?

When I reached the inn again, as I did without further adventure, I looked carefully at myself in the glass to see if there was any change in me that could have alarmed Christabel.

It was quite true that the fortnight of separation and keen anxiety had told upon my looks. I was rather haggard, like Christabel herself; but that she would surely expect.

I could not understand her terror in the least, unless she fancied I was in danger, and then she would probably have expressed her fear differently.

However, there was little time now for consideration.

My landlady was urging me to partake of the substantial meal she had in readiness, and Jim was already preparing to put the horses to the cumbersome traveling carriage in the yard.

We had doctored the right forefoot of one of the horses; by the time we reached the half-way house it would be shoeless and sufficiently lame to answer my purpose.

I ate a few mouthfuls of dinner to satisfy my good hostess, and then, carefully arranging my disguise once more, I mounted the box and drove gently up to Marcus Basset's house.

I was expected, and was required to help with luggage, and when that was put in position the woman Carter came out and took her seat in the carriage.

Then there was rather a long pause before Marcus Basset and his mother appeared, the former carrying in his arms the almost inanimate form of Christabel.

She was evidently in a semi-conscious state, and probably hardly aware of what was happening.

Had I not known that sure and speedy vengeance was at hand, I think I must have struck Basset to the earth then and there.

As it was, I held the door open for him and his burden, and only anathematized him in my heart. Then I mounted the box and drove away in the darkness.

For six miles we jolted along over the ill-made road, till at length I saw the lights of the half-way house gleaming before us.

I pulled up, got down from my box and raised the off fore-leg of the near horse, while Basset put his head out of the window and asked impatiently the cause of the delay.

"'Oss cast a shoe, sir. Must get another put on at the blacksmith's close by. I'll just leave the carriage at the half-way house. You can get something hot whilst you wait. It won't take more nor about ten minutes to finish the job.

I spoke thickly and hoarsely, yet I fancied the sound of my voice roused Christabel, for she too put her head out of the window and said:

"Oh, yes, let us stop; I am so tired! I should so like some tea."

Basset grumbled, yet gave in. The half-way house was too lonely and dismal a spot to rouse his suspicions, and he knew that the horse could not traverse six miles of bad road without a shoe.

I drove them up to the door, and they were ushered into a small parlor where a fire was burning. The moment the door was closed the passage seemed to be alive with friendly faces, some familiar, some strange.

Trevor Lovelace and Winifred were there, my good landlord, and some men who looked like constables.

We exchanged glances in cautious silence, and, in compliance with a whisper from Trevor, I removed my disguise.

Then he took Winifred's hand in his and signed me to follow. The rest were to wait outside until a signal was given. We opened the parlor door and entered quietly.

Basset glared at us like a wild animal at bay, and sprang to his feet, with an imprecation. Christabel threw herself into Winifred's arms, with a low cry that pierced my heart.

I went up to her and laid my hand upon her head.

"My darling!" I murmured.

But she shuddered and clung more closely to Winifred.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" I heard her whisper. "Oh, tell me who is there!"

"It is Vere," answered Winifred tenderly—"your own Vere, who has rescued you at last. My sweet one, what is the matter? Why do you tremble so? Why do you not go to him?"

"It cannot be Vere," she whispered again. "Vere is dead! He killed him! I saw him bury him. I saw Vere's ghost. Let him kill me too! I only want to die and go to Vere!"

"Then come to me now, my love," I said, taking her in my arms and drawing her towards me, "for I am Vere—your husband that will be before another day has passed! I am not dead—I am here to claim you for my very own! It was no ghost you saw, but my own self; and it was not I who was killed that night by Marcus Basset—it was poor Joel Bake, to whom I had given my cloak."

She understood at last, and lay quiet in my arms, too exhausted and bewildered for speech, yet clinging to me with the unconscious tenacity of one who, after awful peril, feels safe at last in some sure haven. Holding her thus folded to my breast, I glanced at Basset, and listened to what he was saying in indignant accents to Trevor Lovelace.

"It is all a trick—a base unworthy plot; but I shall not submit to be outwitted like this! Christabel is my ward, and I have full legal power over her. She is to marry me this very night; and I will not be interfered with! I have the law on my side, and I can set you all at defiance! Now, Christabel, you must come at once!"

But a strong hand was laid upon Basset's arm.

"Marcus Basset, I arrest you in the Queen's name!"

He turned livid and ghastly; his eyes gleamed fiercely, but with the fierceness of despair.

"With what do you charge me?" he asked, in a wild hoarse voice.

"With the wilful murder of Joel Blake!"

A LETTER FROM THE DEAD.

When this letter reaches you, Christabel, the world will know Marcus Basset no more.

I shall never see your face again; and, though I have loved you more than life itself, yet I die knowing that you will hold my memory in abhorrence, and that you feel nothing but the bitterest hatred towards the man who gave his soul into your keeping.

Oh, child, it is not just—it is as unjust as this harsh world in which we live! Love made me mad with jealousy and despair when you turned from me again and again, with fear and loathing.

You would never listen to me while I lived; but perhaps a letter from the dead may touch even your hard heart, and make you think less harshly of one who only sinned for love of you.

I was never young, as other men are young. I reaped a heritage of debt and difficulty from those who had gone before me, and I knew no means of ridding myself of the burden.

My mother, who loved me and had great ascendency over me, chose a wife for me when I was very young; but my married life was unhappy, and came to a tragic conclusion, as you will have heard from others.

No doubt you believe the worst of me. So be it. I am not writing this with any idea of going over that miserable episode. You must believe what you will.

I went abroad and fell in with your father. He took to me, and I felt more pleasure in his society than in anything I had ever before experienced. He made me your guardian, and died in the following year.

My duties were not onerous, and I contented myself with sending you to a respectable and comfortable English school, where I knew you would be well taken care of.

I did not think much about you, yet the idea that you were under my care was pleasant to me, and I sent you trifling presents from time to time.

When I gave Trevor Lovelace permission to remove you from your school, and afterwards consented to Vere Mannesty's wooing you, I had no idea that I should ever so passionately regret those acts.

I thought that I should like to see you at Lovelace's house and afterwards in your own—should like to feel that one English home would be open to me, where I could taste sweets of friendship, and see a little of that quiet domestic life of which I had known nothing; for I will own to you that it had never occurred to me that Christabel Devereux would feel towards me otherwise than as a friend.

Yet when I saw you first I was aware at once that a friendship from you would never satisfy me—I must have your love, for I loved you madly from the first moment my eyes fell upon you.

I will not attempt to conceal the fact that I was in great pecuniary straits, and that my mother was urging me to marry you in order that I might secure your immense fortune.

But I did not receive this suggestion with any enthusiasm; and I believe that, had I not loved you, I should never have been roused to oppose your marriage with Vere Mannesty.

Christabel, had you made a friend of me, I think, even then, I should have acted differently—should have conquered my love in order to see you happy.

Had you given me your confidence, I think my better angel would have triumphed and this tragedy would have been averted; but you feared and hated me from the first, and without a cause, and that made me mad, while your love for Mannesty roused in me a hatred towards him beyond your power to understand. You drove the good angel out of my heart, and a fiend took its place.

I need not revert to the harsh captivity by means of which we hoped to break your proud and haughty spirit.

I was away for nearly a week, making arrangements for a speedy marriage and a secret journey. When I returned I was full of hope and confidence.

Joel did not betray you. I found the note in the pocket of his coat, which he had unsuspectingly laid aside while he did some heavy work.

I was delighted, for I saw my way to a sure and speedy vengeance; and I took care that you should have the chance of sending back an answer, which I also opened and read before I left the premises.

Then I dug the grave—Vere Mannesty's grave—and, at my mother's suggestion, I took you to see it, and made the subsequent proposition.

Christabel, I was glad when you refused the condition offered you. The lust of blood was upon me, and I felt I should know no peace while Vere Mannesty walked the earth.

Nobody but myself knew of this terrible familiar. My mother warned me against any violence, and I listened and agreed to all she said. You were to be terrified by every means in our power, but it was all to be a hollow show of evil. There was to be no bloodshed.

I know now how you contrived to outwit me and warn Vere Mannesty. My forgetting that grating was a curious oversight. Were I to plan it all over again I should

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But what signifies writing of what I should do? My plans end here, within four prison walls.

So it was Joel Blake that I killed, not Vere Mannesty; and that fierce joy I experienced at feeling my enemy grow cold and pulseless beneath the savage clutch of my fingers was all lavished upon that miserable idiot of a gardener! Well may men talk of the irony of fate!

How joyfully I filled up the grave where my hatred rival lay! From that moment until that strange bewildering hour when your lover's ghost seemed to arise and confront me in the half-way house, and I knew I had been fooled and tricked, not a single misgiving troubled me.

You know my dream ended. When I heard a voice accuse me of the murder of Joel Blake, I knew that my life was forfeit; but the real hour of my death, Christabel, was when I saw you clasped to Vere Mannesty's breast, and knew that I had no power to part you.

And now, farewell, Christabel! I have told you all; condemn me if you will. All the evil I have done was done for your sake. As I began, so I end: I loved you, and for you I have lost my soul.

I shall not be here for my trial. It could have but one ending, and I will not stand up to hear myself accused by you—witnessed against by the lips that I thought to hear speak loving words to me at last. I have the means to ensure a speedy painless death, and when I fall asleep to-night I shall not awaken to the sight of prison walls.

I have confessed all now, and may Heaven have mercy on my soul!

MARCUS BASSET.

POSTSCRIPT BY VERE MANNESTY.

I married Christabel on the day following the rescue, and took her abroad at once.

My mother and Winifred both agreed that it was the best chance of saving her from a severe illness, and the event proved their verdict to be right.

Winifred and Trevor were very good, and followed us, keeping always within easy reach, in case Christabel's condition should make me anxious for further advice, and for the sympathy of a loving and capable woman; but I found that my own loving care was the medicine Christabel wanted, and after six weeks han passed the Lovelaces bade us good-bye and we took steamer for Algiers.

Marcus Basset died in prison by his own hand, evidently from some subtle poison. It was an immense relief to me that there was no trial.

Christabel could hardly have been exempted from attending, and it would have done her serious harm in bringing back all the details of that terrible time.

Carter escaped from the half-way house during the confusion incident upon the arrest of Marcus Basset; she most likly fled on foot to Fenmore End, to tell her mistress what had occurred.

On the following day Mrs. Basset was found dead in her chair, struck down by paralysis while in the very act of burning the journals from which extracts have been quoted.

The work of destruction was only imperfectly accomplished, and, though all records—if any were kept—of the former tragedy enacted in that house were entirely destroyed, the account of the treatment received by my sweet Christabel at her merciless hands remains in black and white.

Well, she is dead, and her son also! Let their wickedness be buried in their dishonored graves.

Carter disappeared from Fenmore End that night, and has never been heard of since.

And now my story is told, and I can lay down my pen with a sense of joyous relief, for even now the memories of those terrible days arouse strange and unpleasant feelings within me.

I brought Christabel back to the Manor House in the sweet summer-tide, and she is the very life and joy of the old place, and the light of our eyes.

My father and mother cannot make enough of her, and her sweetness and beauty increase with every passing month. She is entirely content in her married life, and is as busy and as happy as a bird.

Winifred and Trevor are our very good friends, and never a week passes without a meeting of some kind being contrived amongst us.

We never speak of the Bassets or their dismal empty house, for too many painful memories are connected with that lonely spot; and, although Christabel has told her tale with quiet courage and resolution—the tale that has been written down here from her own lips—yet we all think it well to let the past fall into oblivion, and to draw a veil over that one tragic episode in a life that I mean to be henceforth calm and bright.

Although I have visited the desolate house at Fenmore End, and have wandered through the empty rooms and dank neglected gardens, I have never taken Christabel there; and I think many years must pass before I shall grant the request, sometimes made with reluctant hesitation, that she may visit again the lonely house, look over the rooms that once were her prison, and stand, even with my arm round her, upon the dark and shadowy spot that once she had good reason to believe was My Grave.

[THE END.]

FAREWELL.

BY J. B. SELKIRK.

Farewell? but stay! if words say what they mean,
The spirit of this word defeats the letter,
For if 'twere not to say, 'tis easily seen
There's many a heart would doubtlessly fare better.

Farewell? 'tis but a phrase of mortal birth,
Heaven could not be where such a sound was heard;
Tell me, dear heart, shall we bring heaven to earth,
And say farewell forever to the word?

The Blind Artist.

BY R. V. HENRY.

CHAPTER IV.

I SEE, far down a long pathway, stretching from now into the future, the pathway of a sweet and noble life—one life, though it takes two people to live it—I see a true man and a true woman, each doing so well their own share of the work of the world that I cannot tell where the work of one stops, and of the other begins. I see well-earned fame, and the content of souls that have done what they could. I see dear children around that man and woman, who love them, and are their pride in this life, and will look after them with reverent eyes when they go up higher. I see yet dearer children—good works, for they are the children of the soul, and will follow them, and be their glory in the life to come."

"It is a very beautiful picture," she said.

"Yes; and the most beautiful part of it is that it is true, and I shall see it. Not in a dream-picture as I see it now, but with clear eyes—clearer even than those your youth has, my dear."

"What do you mean?" she asked anxiously. "Surely you are not ill? You frighten me!"

"Ill?" said Mr. Brail, dropping suddenly into a perfectly conventional tone. "Bless my soul, no; but an old man of eighty-two can't reasonably expect to live very much longer, you know. Now tell me all about your travels—about Ledway and Paris and Innsbruck, until I fancy I see them."

They talked all through the afternoon, until at about five Serena saw her old friend was beginning to look tired, so she decided to wait no longer for her husband, and went home.

Things looked much brighter to her after her talk with Mr. Brail, and she was quite in good spirits when she went upstairs to dress to go to the Sykells.

Her husband had not yet returned, but she did not mind that; it did not matter in the least being late at the Sykells.

They were, perhaps, the most unconventional people in London.

They had a commonplace house in a second-rate part of London; but everyone who had the chance was always glad to go there.

It was a house where you might meet anyone; but people never went there for the sake of meeting anyone.

They went for the sake of having a good time, and invariably had it.

The Sykells knew many distinguished people; but they knew no one simply because he was distinguished.

Good companionship—if one may coin a word—was the one essential, but it was an essential.

They asked nothing else, but, having that one quality, anyone was welcome—from a bishop to a billiard-maker.

Serena was going to dress, because she had the time and the dress; but she knew that if she had been a hospital nurse, with nothing to recommend her but a good heart and good spirits, she might have dropped in on her way home in a white cap and apron, and been as welcome and enjoyed herself just as much as she expected to do clad in the graceful draperies her maid was offering her.

If her husband came home late, she intended to wait for him.

It did not matter being late for dinner at the Sykells; no one was ever waited for; if a guest came when the soup was cold, he began with the fish; if the fish had disappeared, he began with the entrees: indeed, on one occasion, a very eminent judge had come when dinner was quite over, and had dined heartily and contentedly on cheese and apples.

Serena was just putting the last touch to her toilette when she heard her husband come into his dressing-room.

"Is that you, Stan?" she called. "I am glad you are back in time to come with me. Why did you not join me at Mr. Brail's?"

"I have just come from there."

"Have you? then I wish I had stayed a little longer; but you told me not to wait after five, and he seemed tired, so I left."

Serena turned round when she had finished speaking, and found her husband was standing just behind her.

"I have come to tell you what I have found out."

Without his words she would have known it, only too well.

There was only one thing he could find out that would make such a change in his face.

"How was it?" she said.

"You don't deny it, then? I was foolish enough to hope you would. Tinto wanted to know at what time Betterton had said certain things to me, and I couldn't remember; but I knew Brail would have it in his diary. He was present when Betterton spoke, and he puts everything in his diary, so I went to Brail, and he gave me the wrong book."

"You should not have read it."

"Oh! don't reproach me. I did not read much, but quite enough to see how blind I had been; enough to see that your sweet friendship that I have valued so much was a delusion; to see that when I fancied you liked me—on my honor, Serena, I never fancied more than that—I was deceived completely."

"I meant it well."

"Oh! yes; I know it was very noble of you, very generous, but it is horribly humiliating for me. I had rather you had been a little less noble, and liked me a little more."

"It was not my thought."

This was about the worst thing she could have said; her husband interrupted her with a bitter exclamation.

"I know! it was not even that," he said; "and when the matter was suggested to you, you only acted from the highest philanthropy. I was an interesting case—good material for a reformed character, and you charitably undertook the work of reforming me. Serena, was I so bad as that? Was my state so hopeless you need have given your whole life to rescue me? Do you think I would not rather have gone to the demon my own way than have a woman so sacrifice herself?"

"Don't look at it so," she said. "I was so sorry for you. It seemed so sad your whole life should be wasted."

He turned away quickly with a bitter laugh.

"Why did not you persuade me to join the Blue Ribbon Army, Mrs. Earne? That would have suited you just as well, and me much better."

"No, Stanway, you must not do that. You will not say that when you have listened to me—when you have thought."

"Oh! yes. I daresay presently I shall look at it all in a proper light, and be profoundly grateful for your philanthropy; at present the humiliation is almost more than I can bear."

"My dear, don't say that, let me explain ——"

"It can't be explained. I must say it, it is true. I tell you I would rather have shot myself than have had you do such a thing."

"Stanway," she cried, "has it hurt you so much? Then I wish with all my soul I had never seen you. I did not mean to make you miserable, I meant to help you."

"Oh, I never doubted the exalted nature of your intentions. Let us say no more about it."

He was leaning against the mantelpiece with his back towards her; he did not look up, and spoke with intense bitterness.

She stood a moment silent, miserable, and afraid, feeling sure there must be some words that would set right this misunderstanding, but not daring to speak them.

What could she say to a man who felt his pride so bitterly outraged? She crossed the room and laid her hand timidly on his arm.

"Stanway, speak to me."

He looked up quickly and noticed her dress.

"You are going out?" he said.

"Yes, to the Sykells. Have you forgotten? Will you not come?"

"Oh, to the Sykells! I cannot come now. I must go back to Tinto and tell him the date; but I will join you later. I wouldn't miss seeing them for anything," then, suddenly seeming to remember, "Ah, dear Heaven! to think only this morning it seemed so natural for us to be happy together, and now it is all over!"

"All over! Oh no, Stanway. Of course you are very angry; but you will forgive me. Stan, it is really so bad as that?"

"So bad? Angry! You do not understand. It is something terribly like despair."

And he left her.

* * * * * * *

Serena was by no means a quick-witted or clever woman, but she was quite clever enough to know when she had been stupid, and as she sat in the carriage, on her way to the Sykells, she began to see that she had been very stupid.

She had plenty of time to think over her interview with her husband, and find out wherein her stupidity had lain.

She had said nothing that she ought to have said to her husband, and had understood nothing of what he had said to her; at all events she had not understood the feeling which had prompted his words. He had spoken of humiliation, was angry to find she had an unselfish and exalted motive in marrying him.

"Serena, I wish you had been a little less noble, and liked me a little more."

Why had she not told him, in answer to that, that the exalted motive had been lost in a very human feeling before ever he asked her to be his wife?

Why not? Why, because he had never asked for anything but friendship, and she had given him so much more.

And how could she confess that? Would not any woman rather be blamed for giving too little than pitied for giving too much?

"I fancied you liked me; on my honor, I never fancied more," he had said. But no: "It is something very like despair," mere disappointed friendship had not spoken in those words, in that voice. Her husband loved her.

Had she not been so blind and overwhelmed with her own love, she would have seen his love in every look, and word, and tone.

She knew it now, and the knowledge produced at first a sheer delirium of happiness.

She could neither understand it nor realize it, only enjoy it, as only those who have suffered can enjoy.

There is nothing so beautiful as love late in life, when they who thought that all was past, and everything that makes life sweet, dead and cold, are suddenly awakened by a thousand bright voices; when hope rises and cries:

"The future is bright, let us enjoy it;" and the heart awakes and cries: "I live yet and can love;" and youth looks them in the face and says: "I am here still, I have never left you, let us go forward together."

Surely the rejoicing of those who were desolate is as much sweeter than the inexperienced content of first love, as those rare bright days in the clear warm autumn are better than the damp sentimentality of spring.

Serena was so filled with the delight of loving and being loved, that for a moment she forgot that her husband had parted from her in bitterness.

"It is something very much like despair."

Well, she would see him soon and make it all right; a word, a look, would be enough.

She would have gone to him at once, if she had not known she should see him soon.

She laughed over the thought of following him to Mr. Tinto's; sending him word: "Mrs. Earne wishes to see Mr. Earne," and when her husband came out to her saying:

"Excuse me, my dear, I forgot to mention it to you just now; but I am very fond of you," and then sending him back to finish his business with Mr. Tinto.

But while she laughed he was suffering; that was a dreadful thought.

Now she understood it, it frightened her to think of the dreary hopelessness of his tone, the blank despondency of his face; she remembered suddenly what evil that other disappointment had done him.

Thank God, there was no danger now; he would see her so soon, and all would be well.

He loved her now far better than ever he had loved Miss Macleod.

She remembered how, soon after their marriage, she and her husband had been at a ball, and a young bride had entered with her bridegroom, a pretty, empty-headed looking girl, with a sharp nose and a sharp voice.

Earne had started, looked at the girl, then turned and looked at Serena with such an expression of relief and satisfaction, that she had asked who the young bride was.

"Mrs. Galway, thank heaven!" he had said, and Serena had understood that the girl had been Miss Macleod, and that Stanway had thanked heaven she was not Mrs. Earne.

Serena had been pleased even then, but it disturbed her now to think that the disappointment, in regard to this girl, had had such a terrible effect on Stanway.

Why, if he loved her better than he had loved Miss Macleod, this disappointment would be even harder to bear.

"It is something terribly like despair," the words would recur to her, filling her with foolish, unreasonable fears.

Every story of despairing lovers she had ever read rushed into her mind. She thought of the heart-broken cry of Moliere:

"Pity me, my friend, my wife does not love me," and Moliere had gone to the theatre and played his part, and then died.

Her husband was gone to play his part. Well, what of that? Men do not die when they are disappointed in love nowadays. Yes, but that merely means no one we have known has died as yet.

Possibly, all the friends of every despairing lover have said as much until they learned better.

Perhaps Moliere's heartless wife said something of the sort when her generous, patient husband left her that evening.

The carriage stopped in Galt Street. Serena must go in and wait for her husband in a crowd.

At that moment she would certainly have gone to Mr. Tinto's to look for him, in spite of the amusement she had felt when the idea first rose in her mind; only she knew he might already have started to join her, and by going to seek him she might chance to miss him, and so defer their explanation yet longer.

The drawing-room was nearly full when Serena entered; a fair-haired little mite of a woman was holding forth energetically.

"Yes," she was saying, "I pride myself on not being frank. Why should we say what we think? It is most likely wrong; if it isn't, it is sure to be misunderstood. No one is so abominably deceptive as your very frank woman. You think she must be true because she is disagreeable; but she isn't. All the while she is saying unpleasant things, and you are congratulating yourself that at any rate you have heard the worst, she is carefully saving us something to be frank about on a future occasion."

"The worst of these very frank people," said someone else, "is that they love frankness so much that they want to have the monopoly of it themselves."

"Yes," said the little fair girl reflectively, "I fancy Miss Saul would not like it if I were to turn round some morning and say to her, 'You are domineering, oppressive, and ill-educated; your nose turns up frightfully, and your clothes never fit you; you are always disagreeable, and on Mondays, when you have been spending the previous day reading sermons and teaching little boys—unhappy little boys—in the Sunday-school, you are worse than an east wind.' She would be quite cross if I said that to her, and yet she is always declaring she likes truth."

"I fancy most people like truth in their neighbors."

"That must be what she means, for if she likes it in herself, Miss Saul is a very self-denying woman."

Serena was beginning to wonder who Miss Saul and the young lady who denounced her so energetically were, when Mrs. Sykell explained.

"Miss Symdon is graduating as a milliner, under Miss Saul of Bond Street. Miss Symdon has an ambition to make money."

"It is very unoriginal, I know," said Miss Symdon, "and rather foolish, for when I get it I shan't know what to do with it, since I never had any before. Mrs. Walter, you have written a great many useful things; can't you write a book to teach us how to spend well?"

"No," said Mrs. Walter; "education will do a great deal, but even education won't do that. People may be taught to dress, they may be taught to ride, or even to write poetry; they may occasionally be taught to cook, but to spend well is the result of heaven-sent genius."

Mr. Sykell came into the room. He said he couldn't come sooner. He had been down at Tramore's theatre.

Tramore was going to bring out Alderson's book as a play, and he had been hearing all about it.

Mr. Sykell had a carelessly pleasant way of speaking, which gave strangers the idea sometimes that he was only a visitor in his own house.

As the company went in to dinner he told them all about the new play, and grew pathetic over poor Alderson's probable sufferings when his well-wrought-out, neatly balanced book should be hacked in pieces, turned upside down, padded, abridged, and generally vulgarized to make it fit the stage.

Serena looked round the table. Several seats were still unoccupied, that opposite her being destined for Mr. Earne when he should arrive; she had of course explained his absence.

She was in a suppressed fever of excitement, fretting against every minute that passed without his appearance.

She made such absent answers to the pleasant-faced, bright young man who had taken her down, that he, concluding philosophically that he bored her, let her alone and held his tongue good-naturedly.

There was the sound of an arrival. Serena waited eagerly.

There entered a young clergyman, who had only just come from a weekday service.

He said he had brought Mrs. Sykell the list of the people who wanted wine, and had better give it to her at once for fear he forgot it.

He walked round and gave it to her, and she pencilled an order on the back, and gave it to one of the servants.

Another arrival; again Serena was disappointed.

This time the late comer was a lady in superb evening dress, on her way to the first great ball of the season.

She brought no news, except that she had sent all her children to bed that afternoon for trying to shave each other with dinner knives.

Another arrival; there were still two chairs vacant, and Serena made up her mind not to expect Stanway until all but one were filled.

This late guest was a young barrister, who said pleasantly that he had thought people would like him to come late, because then he could bring the evening papers.

He offered them to Mrs. Sykell as he spoke, and she began to read aloud all the interesting scraps of news, and everybody discussed them.

"Here is something dreadful," she said, as she came to a paragraph crowded into the end of a column as if the news had reached the newspaper office almost too late to be printed. "Here is an accident."

"An accident! What is it?"

"Someone shot himself in a cab in Oxford Street."

"Poor fellow! I wonder what was the matter," said Mr. Sykell. "It is strange how many people do shoot themselves in cabs nowadays."

"I don't think it at all strange," said Mrs. Walter. "I always feel very like shooting myself when I am in a cab, through dread of the battle there will be when I get out. The more I give the men, the more they storm at me. I always give a great deal too much. I suppose they think from that I am a fool and fair game."

Mrs. Walter had a peculiarly emphatic manner of pronouncing the word "fool," as if it were spelt with a ph: no more I could convey half so much scorn of her own folly.

Serena looked across at the vacant seat opposite.

"It is something terribly like despair."

It seemed as if the words were suddenly spoken in her ear. She looked round to see if by any strange chance anyone had uttered them. No, the careless, trivial

talk was still going on round her.

"It is natural people should get into the way of putting an end to themselves," the barrister was saying gloomily. "The discomforts so far outweigh the comforts of modern life all the time, that a trifling extra worry is enough to make one desperate. I'm sure," he went on dismally, "what with the Tories so long in office, and the slamming of doors on the underground rail, and spring getting later every year, and the House rising at twelve so that a man hasn't a decent excuse to offer his wife when he comes home at five, it would take a very little more to make me shoot myself in a cab."

Hark! another arrival? No, it was next door.

Still that vacant place before her, and those awful words in her ear. Ah! wheels again? No, they had gone past.

Wheels again? Yes, and at the door this time at last. No, that was not Stanway's step, yet someone was coming into the room.

What did it mean? What horrible thing was going to happen?

The lights raced in mad circles before her eyes, the voices sounded a far-off murmur in her ear.

She saw the pleasant-faced young man who had taken her in to dinner looking down at her with that paternally amused air a man generally assumes when a woman is doing something he considers feminine, and she found that she had seized one of his hands under the table, and was clutching it convulsively; possibly her doing so had prevented her fainting.

She noticed that when the young man saw her face, he looked startled and hurriedly poured her out a glass of wine with his disengaged hand.

"Drink it," he said in an undertone, "and then read the note and you will know."

Serena saw then that a note had been brought to her. As she took it she heard Mrs. Syckell speaking:

"I hope that is not from Mr. Earne to say he cannot be with us to night, because we expect to have some really good singing, though perhaps, now that the House is sitting, he has no time for such things, like Count de Lauzen."

"I quoted that the other day to Tinto," said Serene's friend, bending forward to intercept Mrs. Syckell's view of Serena. 'Not about Mr. Earne and dinner-parties, but nearer to the original. Tinto was wondering why De Carle had never married, and I said perhaps because, like Count de Lauzen, he had no time to waste on a wife. 'Count Lawson?' said Tinto. 'Count who? Lawson's only a ba'onet, and hasn't any der either.'"

This young man had never met Mrs. Earne before, though he knew her husband.

Of course he had no means whatever of guessing at the contents of the note brought to her, but he saw she was in a state of almost unbearable anxiety, and wished to give her time to read unobserved.

Serena's note was from her maid, and contained only a few hurried blotted words.

'Please, ma'am, could you come home at once? Don't be frightened, ma'am, but something has happened."

'Don't be frightened."

No, Serena was past mere fright when she read that. She felt no tendency to faint now.

She rose and quietly offered some conventional explanation to her hostess. She managed in a few words to Mrs. Syckell to say it was absolutely necessary that she should go at once, without making a tragic scene among the company.

In a moment someone had brought her her wraps.

Mr. Syckell himself had rushed to the hall door and whistled wildly for a cab, and in less than five minutes after the receipt of the note Serena was on her way home.

Her own door was open when she reached it; a doctor's carriage was just driving away. Serena sprang from the cab and flew up the steps. The maid was in the hall.

"Tell me the worst at once, Alice."

"Oh, ma'am, it will be a terrible shock for you," gasped the girl.

"Is he dead?"

Serena herself was startled at the sound of her own voice, and the girl burst into tears.

"I see he is," said Serena. "Where is he, Alice?"

"In the library. Oh, ma'am, pray don't go in; it is no sight for you."

Serena almost flung the girl aside, and opened the library door and entered. On the further side of the room someone lay extended on the sofa.

There was no mistaking the rigid lines, the ghastly immobility. It was someone dead.

Someone, but not her husband, for he was standing beside it. And when she realized this, Serena seemed literally to fling herself across the intervening space until her arms were round Stanway's neck and her head lay on his breast.

"My darling husband! Oh, thank God for this. My love, my love!"

"My poor girl," said Stanway, holding her tenderly, "this will be a great grief to you."

"Nothing is a grief while I have you," she sobbed hysterically. "Oh, my love, my love!"

And he, though such words were of all others the words he wished most to hear, could not in the least understand why she spoke them.

"Do you see what has happened, my child?" he said. "Our dear friend Brail is dead."

"It is he, then?" she said, bewildered. "How did it happen?"

"It seems he discovered his mistake in giving me the wrong book, and afraid I should read, and, read too little to understand, he came here. I had not returned. He saw your maid, and she says he seemed troubled. He waited here for me. Alice says he grew more and more agitated as he waited; presently he asked to be helped from the chair to the sofa. Soon after he fell asleep. He was still asleep when I came in, and found him here; but after a moment or so he woke and started up, crying, 'All is well. My children love each other. I need be anxious no more. I see the best picture of all.' I spoke to him, but he did not answer me. He went on talking of the picture he could see for a little while longer, and then he was silent."

Serena bent down and kissed her dead friend's face without speaking.

"He was a dear friend of both of us, Serena," went on Stanway. "I for one owe him a great deal. It is horribly sad to lose him so suddenly."

"It is horribly sad."

Serena hesitated, then gave one more loving, half-penitent kiss to the white cold cold face, and turned to her husband.

"Stanway, we loved each other very much, he and I," she said; "but I cannot be sad. He would understand, he would forgive me. How can I be sad that it is he, when I thought—I fancied—dear, let me tell you what I thought."

She told her husband of all her foolish fears, and if he smiled over them it was very lovingly.

"The man who shot himself was only a volunteer letting off a blank cartridge," he said. "No one was hurt. And so you thought it was I? Ah, my dear, I can't wonder you thought so, considering the weak way I was bearing a far lighter trouble when first you knew me. No Serena, I felt miserable indeed to-day when I thought you cared nothing for me; but I should have known and loved you to very little purpose all this time if I were not incapable of such cowardice now. My wife, loving you has been so much to me, that as I came home to-night, I said that even if you did not care for me in the least I must go on loving you and being grateful to you; but when I heard our poor friend murmuring of his pictures I began to hope for something better."

"Ah, yes," said Serena softly. "I always loved his pictures, and this last one is best of all. But, Stanway, now I am sure you care to know, I will tell you—no picture can come near the reality of my love for you."

[THE END]

SOME SOCIAL SLIPS.

"I beg your pardon, but you are sitting on my hat," exclaimed a gentleman. "Oh pray excuse me; I thought it was my husband's," was the unexpected reply.

In another instance of conjugal amenities, a wife said to her husband: "I saw Mrs. Becker this morning, and she complained that on the occasion of her last visit you were so rude to her that she thought she must have offended you." "Nothing of the kind," he answered. "On the contrary, I like her very much; but it was rather dark at the time, and when I entered the room at first I thought it was you."

"Poor John—he was a kind and forbearing husband," sobbed John's widow on her return from the funeral. "Yes," said a sympathising neighbor; "but it is all for the best. You must try to comfort yourself my dear, with the thought that your husband is at peace at last."

A gentleman had accompanied a friend home to dinner, and as they seated themselves at the table, the hostess remarked:

"I trust that you will make allowances, Mr. Blankley. My servant left me very unexpectedly, and I was compelled to cook the dinner myself." "Oh, certainly, my dear madam, certainly," responded the guest with great emphasis: "I can put up with anything."

Another amusing slip took the form of an unhappy after-dinner speech. There was an entertainment given by an earl deservedly popular. It was extremely handsome, and champagne flowed freely. The evening was well advanced when a benignant old gentleman rose to propose a toast. He spoke with fluency, but somehow he said exactly the opposite to what he meant:

"I feel," said he, "that for a plain country squire like myself to address this learned company is indeed to cast pearls before swine." Never was so successful a speech made. He could get no further for many minutes. The company applauded vociferously and as though they would never cease.

A guest at a country inn exclaimed: "I say, landlord, your food is worse than it was last year!" "Impossible, sir," was the rather ambiguous reply of the landlord.

At a recent inquiry into the sanity of a young man of large property, witnesses were being called to prove that he was unfit to manage his affairs.

A curious slip was made by a schoolmaster when asked if he had formed any opinion as to the state of mind of the alleged lunatic.

"Oh yes," he replied: "I can certify he is an idiot. He was one of my favorite pupils."

"I have met this man," said a lawyer with extreme severity, "in a great many places where I would be ashamed to be seen myself;" and he paused and looked with astonishment at the smiling court and jury.

Here are a few other instances of something very like putting one's foot in it.

The legislature of a Western State having a bill under consideration for the regulation of tax collectors, an honorable member got upon his feet and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I go in heavy for that bill. The tax-collectors are all a set of knaves. I was one myself for ten years."

The bill passed.

"How are you getting on in your new place?" asked a lady of a girl whom she had recommended for a situation. "Very well, thanks." "I am glad to hear of it," said the lady. "Your employer is a nice person and you cannot do too much for her." "I don't mean to, ma'am," was the innocent reply.

Here is a naive declaration from the prospectus of a weekly paper:

"The staff, with the exception of the editor, has been very carefully selected, and deserves to secure success."

A Californian newspaper is said to have been sued for libel by a widow for speaking of her deceased husband as having "gone to a happier home."

A certain orator at a fair, after a long yarn descriptive of what was to be seen inside, wound up by saying:

"Step in, gentlemen; step in! Take my word for it, you will be highly delighted when you come out."

"Allow me, madam, to congratulate you on your acquaintance with that charming lady," said a gallant Hungarian; "she is young, beautiful, and intelligent." "Oh, certainly," replied the lady. "But don't you think she is a trifle conceited?" "Why, madam, just put yourself in her place, and say would you not be conceited too?" was the rather startling comment.

This social slip is even worse. A city man complained bitterly of the conduct of his son. He related at length to a friend all the young man's escapades.

"You should speak to him with firmness and recall him to his duty," said the friend. "But he pays not the least attention to what I say; he listens only to the advice of fools. I wish you would talk to him."

INSECTS AND THE SEASON.—To kill cockroaches and waterbugs the following may be used: Boil an ounce of poke root in one pint of water until the strength is extracted; mix the decoction with molasses and spread it in plates on the kitchen and laundry floors and in the closets or anywhere where the vermin may trouble you. Powdered borax is said to be very effective in driving away cockroaches, but must not be used with the pokeroot remedy, as it will prevent the roaches coming near the latter; it will be useful later to prevent the coming of new relays.

To exterminate ants grease plates with lard and set them where these insects abound and they will crowd upon the plates to eat it, as they are extravagantly fond of it; they can then be scraped into the fire or into the slop pail and drowned.

For rats and mice it is said that one drop of oil of rhodium on the ordinary bait used in rat and mouse trap will attract those creatures, as they have such a liking for it that they will risk anything to obtain it. Powdered squill spread with lard upon bread will also attract rats, as they are fond of it.

Chloride of lime scattered dry around and into their holes will banish rats effectually, and it has this in its favor, it is a wholesome disinfectant.

To conclude, it is useless to employ many of these recipes, if large cracks under the surbases of rooms are neglected; these should all be stopped up by putty and painting, the latter being very deadly to insects.

Cracks in flooring should also be looked after, as these furnish a retreat or safe harbor for vermin.

THE TRUE WIFE.—Oftentimes I have seen a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible bowline, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails were unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side-wheel nor stern-wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as with her own life. But I knew, that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great bulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toilsome steam-tug, with a heart of fire, arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew if the little steam tug untwined her arms, and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide, no man knows wither.

And so I have known more than one genius, high-decked, full-sailed, gay-pennoned, but that for the bare, toiling arms, and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close to him, so that no wind or wave could part them, would have gone down with the stream, and have been heard of no more.—HOLMES

PAPER MAKING.—"Few persons imagine how many different substances have been used of late years in the making of paper. Rags, of course, still furnish the bulk of our paper, but," says an exchange, "large quantities are also made of wood, straw and Esparto grass, and in various parts of the world successful experiments have been made with a multitude of materials that have not yet been brought into general use."

R. A. GUNN, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, said: "I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." The late Dr. Dio Lewis, writing to the proprietor of Warner's Safe Cure, said, over his own signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

Scientific and Useful.

GLASSWARE.—Take a small quantity of isinglass and dissolve it in spirits of wine by the aid of heat. This will unite broken glass so as to leave the crack nearly imperceptible, and is equal to the best glass cement.

CHAMPAGNE.—Spurious champagne is composed of cheap French white wine, sugar, and the usual flavoring matter. At times indeed it is even made from fruits, and has actually been known to be concocted from aerated fruit-sirups, water, and a common kind of spirit.

TO CLEAN BLACK CLOTH.—Dissolve one ounce of bicarbonate of ammonia in one quart of warm water. With this liquid rub the cloth, using a piece of flannel or black cloth for the purpose. After the application of this solution, clean the cloth well with clear water; dry and iron it, brushing the cloth from time to time in the direction of the fibre.

TO CLEAN PAINT.—There is a very simple method to clean paint that has become dirty, and if our house-wives would adopt it, it would save them a great deal of trouble. Provide a plate with some of the best whiting to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whiting as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grease. After which, wash the part well with clean water, rubbing dry with a soft chamois. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor.

REMOVAL OF TATTOO MARKS.—A French scientist gives the following as a method for removing tattoo marks: The skin is first covered with a concentrated solution of tannin, and re-tattooed with this in the parts to be cleared. Then an ordinary nitrate of silver crayon is rubbed over these parts, which becomes black by formation of tannate of silver in the superficial layer of the dermis. Tannin powder is sprinkled on the surface several times a day for some days to dry it. A dark crust forms, which loses color in three or four days, and in a fortnight or so comes away, leaving a reddish scar, free from tattoo-marks, and, in a few months, little noticeable. It is well to do the work in patches about the size of a five-cent piece at a time. The person can then go on with his usual occupation.

Farm and Garden.

BIRDS.—Do not allow the birds to be destroyed. They are of too much benefit in destroying insects, worms and pests, that prey upon the fruit and trees.

SPACE.—At a distance of eighteen feet apart each way an acre of ground can contain 135 trees; at four feet apart 2720 plants can be set out on an acre. At a foot apart an acre will contain 43,500 plants.

FATTENING.—The quickest way to fatten an old cow is to confine her in a small yard and give her all the ground grain and hay she can eat. She should be gotten in condition in as short a time as possible.

ROSES.—The white grub is a whitish grub with six legs near the fore part of the body. It feeds on roots of the roses and eventually destroys the bushes. Remove the earth around the roots and kill the grub.

THINNING.—One good fruit is worth more than several poor ones. Whoever aims to have the finest fruit must thin, beginning soon after the fruit is set, and continuing until nearly full grown, ultimately removing three-fourths of all that is set. Thinning is now recognized as the key to profitable fruit growing.

BREEDING.—Thought is necessary in breeding, and every improvement that a man makes in his stock is evidence of the improvement of his own mind. Breeding is an elevating and developing business. It broadens men, and it is only a broad man and a man of intellect that can keep up a herd. Try breeding improved stock as a means of keeping the boys on the farm.

THE HORSE.—A cotton card is one of the best instruments for grooming a horse. It cleans better than the comb. Do not expect your horses to be equally good at everything. The horse, like the man, must be adapted to his work. Near the close of a journey let the horse walk. If covered with sweat rub off with a rag, to prevent cooling. Collar galls and bruises are benefited by the washing with salt water. Wash shoulders daily when using the horse. Brine is good also for stiff joints. When flies are bad, wash the horse all over lightly with a weak solution of carbolic acid. If you have not the acid, apply surgeon's oil on the flanks, neck, and tender part.

PREVENTION of disease is both rational and scientific. If one knows the cause of most diseases, and can remove that cause, the disease must disappear. Prof. Wm. H. Thompson of the University of the City of New York, says: "More adults are carried off in this country by chronic kidney disease than by any other one malady except consumption." The majority per cent. of all diseases are caused by unexpected kidney poisoned blood. The late Dr. Dio Lewis in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure, said over his signature: "If I found myself the victim of a serious kidney trouble, I would use Warner's Safe Cure."

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As many of our readers no doubt preserve THE POST, and as many more would like to if they had a convenient means of doing so, we call their attention to "The Handy Binder," advertised in another column. This is one of the best contrivances ever invented for binding purposes, and is as cheap as it is handy and useful.

The Virtue of Self-Denial.

"Let him deny himself." Deny himself; that is, destroy entirely his own separate personal existence, live as though he had none, have no self whatever, but allow self to be swallowed up in the being of another.

We hear this phrase sometimes explained as if it simply meant—refuse some enjoyment to yourself, deprive yourself of some comfort and luxury to which you have been accustomed, for the sake of truth, and right, and good.

And, doubtless, this idea is contained in the words; doubtless it will again and again be required of us.

But the real signification of the words is far wider and deeper than this. It is emptying that great word "self-denial" of much of its meaning to confine it to an occasional deprivation of certain comforts and luxuries. Self-denial is not only to affect particular actions, it is to give its color to our whole life.

The cross is to be met with in little things as well as in great things. It is not merely in stupendous conflicts with the powers of evil within us that we are to discover the presence of the cross, but in the little details of daily life—in our conduct with our own friends—aye, with those who are dearest to us, it may be; in the daily subjection of our creaturely will; in the turning aside, not from all that is attractive because it is attractive, but from those attractions which lead us out of the path of duty or privilege; not because they are attractions, but because they lead us from our true position; in the continual preference of that which savors of religion to that which savors of man.

In putting Heaven's will first, and our own will always second; in never doing a thing merely because it pleases us to do it, nor shrinking from doing a thing because it is painful, but in endeavoring to be guided by the desire—whether in the grateful acceptance of those innocent pleasures which are so many indications of its protecting love, or whether in the cheerful acceptance of those sorrows which, from time to time, like fatherly chastisement, fall to our lot.

In life we find the principle of the higher and the lower good. The latter must be sacrificed whenever it comes in conflict with the former.

Certain things that pertain to the earth are undoubtedly good, but other things are better. Sometimes we cannot have both, and then we must give up the good for the best. Benedict Arnold was eager for British gold and rank. Undoubtedly gold and rank are desirable in themselves, but they cost too much. Certainly Arnold found it so, for when, in his later years, Talleyrand asked him, not knowing his name, but only that he was an American, for a letter to his friends in the United States, he exclaimed, in bitterness:

"I am the only man born in the New World who can raise his hands to God and say, I have not a single friend, not one, in all America."

His honor, the friendships of the good, his own self-respect, would have been worth more to him than all he gained by refusing self-denials. Men often make a like mistake. The cross is indispensable, would we wear the crown..

Some people seem to think that, because self-sacrifice is a noble thing, everything in which self is given up must be noble. But we must look to the motive—Why is self given up? Besides, self may be sacrificed, when it ought to be maintained, and the sacrifice may be, not to make the sacrifice.

Our life and conduct is to be determined not by considerations of self interest. The question which we should, from time to time, ask ourselves; is not—"Is this pleasant and the other distasteful?" but, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" This is the foundation stone upon which the edifice of our self-denial is to be erected.

To be estranged from those we have lived with and loved from infancy; to pass from under the shadow of the faith that has fostered us; to look upon old sights, old haunts, familiar scenes, and find they are but fiends to mock us with a memory of what once was; to see contempt and scorn assume the place where love was wont to reign; to know that the affections we prized more than life are changed to wormwood; to watch our tried and trusted friends deliberately range themselves in the foemen's ranks: to have the harrowing conviction burned in upon the soul that we must go on, now, alone, (go along the path we have chosen, and forego all the pleasures on which we counted to render existence endurable); these, these things try the temper and the tone of spirit: these constitute a frightful and a fiery ordeal at which human nature shudders. And yet all this must frequently be undergone for the cause of truth. The alternative is a terrible one, and many waver; but such have not the elements of real greatness in them, the qualities which constitute one who must bear witness.

THE educational abomination of desolation, of destruction, of the present day is, the stimulation of young people to work at high pressure by incessant competitive examinations. Some wise man, who probably, was not an early riser, has said of early risers, in general, that they are conceited all the forenoon and stupid all the afternoon. It is too often true of the unhappy children who are forced to rise too early in their class that they are conceited all the forenoon of their life and stupid all the afternoon. The vigor and freshness which should have been stored up for the hard struggle of practical life have been washed out of them by precocious mental debauchery, by bookgluttony and lesson-bibbing. Their faculties are worn out by the strain put upon their callow brains, and they are demoralised by worthless, childish triumphs, before the real work of life begins.

MAN ought not to boast of his birth, his honours, or his riches, and much less of his wisdom or knowledge; nor magnificently to extol the bravery and great actions, either of himself or of his ancestors; nor, at every opportunity, to talk of his family, as is the practice of many; for he who does so will appear to do it in opposition to the present company; especially if they are not, or at least think they are not, less honorable, less opulent, or less brave than himself; or, if they are really his inferiors, he will be deemed to despise them, and even to reproach them with their meanness and misery, which must be universally displeasing to all mankind.

IT is useless to talk of sacrificing self to others, unless there is something in self that others need. It is the full and rich life, not the poor and empty one, that can fill and enrich others. True benevolence, then, must obtain that which it would give. To acquire, honorably, money, or leisure, or power; to develop interest in human affairs; to cherish just principles and generous impulses; to fill the mind with pure and noble thoughts and the heart with tender love and sympathy; these things are essential if we would pour out blessings and benefits upon our fellow-men, while at the same time they ennoble and gladden our own lives.

DIOGENES laughed at the grammarians, who cudgelled their brains to inquire into the miseries of Ulysses, and were ignorant of their own; at musicians, who were so exact in tuning their instruments, and never tuned their manners; and at orators, who studied to declare what was justice, but never took care to do it. If the mind be not better disposed, if the judgment be not better settled, I had much rather my scholar had spent his time at tennis, for at least his body would by that means be in better exercise and breath.

NEVER regard difficulty as an enemy to escape from or to dread. It is rather a true friend, strengthening our powers, raising our ideals, and evolving a beauty in humanity and in life which, without it, could never exist. "Straight is the line of duty, curved is the line of beauty. Follow the one, and thou shalt see the other ever following thee."

FEAR, if it be not immoderate, puts a guard about us that does watch and defend us; but credulity keeps us naked, and lays us open to all the sly assaults of ill-intending men: It was a virtue when man was in his innocence; but, since his fall, it abuses those who own it.

IT is not with a rush and a spring that we are to reach Christ's character, and attain to perfect saintship; but step by step, foot by foot, hand over hand, we are slowly, and often painfully, to mount the ladder that rests on earth, and rises to heaven.

SOME manhood is not reached by a sudden leap. Its growth is not rapid like Jonah's gourd, but solid and steady, like that of the cedar or the oak. It must be rocked by storms, hardened by winter blasts, and expanded by summer warmth.

WE are reformers in spring and summer; in autumn and winter we stand by the old: Reformers in the morning, conservers at night. Reform is affirmative, conservatism negative. Conservatism goes for comfort; reform for truth.

WHEN a thing is beyond repair, waste no useless regrets over it, and do no idle fretting. Strive for that serenity of spirit that will enable you to make the best of all things. That means contentment in its best sense.

IF we will take the good we find, asking no questions, we shall have heaping measures. The great gifts are not got by analysis. Everything good is on the highway. The middle region of our being is the temperate zone.

THE cynic puts all human actions into two classes—openly bad and secretly bad. All virtue, generosity and disinterestedness are merely the appearance of good, but selfish at the bottom.

COMBINATIONS of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage which licentious principles afford, did not those who have long practised perfidy grow faithless to each other.

THE basest and meanest of all human beings are generally the most forward to despise others. So that the most contemptible are generally the most contemptuous.

THE highest point outward things can bring unto is the contentment of the mind; with which no estate can be poor, without which all estates will be miserable.

THERE is no class of men so difficult to be managed in a State as those whose intentions are honest but whose consciences are bewitched.

The World's Happenings.

There are 48 zoological gardens in the world, six of them being in the United States.

A mule, 45 years old, does some service yet for a Georgia physician, who has had him since 1849.

There are six women police officers in the London police force, all employed as detectives.

An egg, the shell of which shows all the colors of the rainbow, is the product of an Ellsworth, Me., hen.

Malden, Mass., a prohibition town, has used 38 barrels of whisky for "medicinal purposes" since June of last year.

Plaster of paris is excellent material for sealing catsup and fruit bottles or jugs, and is more easily applied than sealing-wax.

If the clothes are soaked over night, one teaspoonful of pure ammonia in each tub will materially lessen the labor of washing.

Minnesota has passed a law providing for executions before sunrise, and allowing the condemned to invite three persons to witness his taking off.

According to a Hammonton, N. J., paper a hen owned there has hatched two chickens from one egg. Both fowls are well formed and healthy.

There's a gander in Coweta county, Ga., that has recently been bereft of its mate. He has since taken up with a rooster, and is trying to learn how to crow.

Brussels has distinguished herself by a bonnet show. The first prize was given to a "flat, oyster-shell sort of contrivance, decorated with raspberries."

A number of reindeer have been imported from Norway and turned out on a forest in the north of Scotland, in the hope that they may become acclimatized.

California vineyardists talk of sending a few cargoes of grapes to France for manufacture into wine, and if the prices obtained are satisfactory, then to make regular shipments there.

The Crown Prince Rudolph, of Austria, left debts amounting to $1,000,000, it is said, although he had an annual income of $750,000, and his palaces and country places cost him nothing.

Two sisters, aged respectively 18 and 20, recently fought a duel at Nurnberg, Germany. Knives were used, with the result that one girl lost an eye, while the other was terribly cut about the face.

James Shannon, with his wife and little girl, walked from Kansas to Washington, 1200 miles, to see President Harrison about a pension which had been refused Shannon, who is a veteran Union soldier.

The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 12,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.

The participants in a recent ball in Paris drank 41,000 glasses of ale, wine and champagne, besides 5,000 bottles of claret and 4,000 cups of iced coffee. There were eaten, 14,000 sandwiches, 12,000 buns, etc.

The costliest leather in the world is that which is used in covering piano keys. It is a peculiar kind of buckskin, and the secret of tanning is not known outside of a family of tanners in Thuringia, Germany.

A company has been formed to erect, throughout Great Britain, blocks of dwellings in which solitary women may live side by side and enjoy the pleasures of cheerful society, without sacrificing either their privacy or independence.

Young French priests will before long be liable to military service in France if the new military bill goes through, as it is thought it will. It is alleged that thousands of young men enter the seminaries every year in order to avoid the army.

The Supreme Court of Ohio has granted a new trial to William Goings, convicted in Allen county of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life, on the ground that the jury reached a verdict by "tossing coppers," being unable to agree otherwise.

Large tobacco farms, to be worked and managed by skilled Cubans, have just been established at De Funiak Springs, Florida. Tobacco grown there from Havana seed is said to be even finer and more delicately flavored than that from Cuba itself.

Life in the White House under the new President is as simple as in the most unpretentious family. Breakfast follows family prayers at 9 o'clock, luncheon is served at 1, and dinner at 7. The President usually retires at 11, and is seldom out of bed after 12.

A couple who had been divorced 40 years before in California, met on a railroad train out in Arkansas the other day. They recognized each other, and, after a short talk, concluded to remarry, and the ceremony was performed on their reaching Eureka Springs, Ark., that evening.

The girl of 14 who created a sensation in Fort Wayne, Ind., a few weeks ago, by marrying her cousin, who had been married twice before, has again attracted attention by applying for a divorce. She alleges that she was coaxed into the marriage without fully comprehending its significance.

A correspondent, writing of the parish church of Chapel le Ferne, near Dover, says: It is a somewhat interesting fact that the worshippers are required to carry their own lights, and it is no uncommon sight to see a member of the congregation standing during the singing with his hymn book in one hand and his candle or lamp in the other.

A grand washerwomen's competition has been held at Bonveret, on the shores of Lake Geneva, between France and Swiss laundresses. Two of the champion washerwomen of Paris appeared to represent their country, and one, Mlle. Lefevre, aged 18, won the first prize. A banquet wound up a day such as the lake had never witnessed.

CONTENT.

BY LOUISE MALCOM STENTON.

Let others strive for wealth or fame,
And struggle with grim Care;
To win a lofty, world-known name
That some proud dame may share.

Give me a cot in some sweet dell,
Beside a murmuring brook,
Where I in peace fore'er may dwell
With Nature for my book.

I'll never yearn for Fashion's haunts,
Or pine for pleasures vain;
I'll moor my barque of Destiny
Where Love shall ever reign!

Won by Stratagem.

BY W. M. MAKINS.

DEAR MISS ROGERS.—It is some time since I have seen or heard of you, but I hope you have not quite forgotten us. I am sure you will be sorry to hear that our dear Alice is far from strong just now, and has been ordered change of scene and air; in fact, a few weeks' travel on the Continent is what she requires. Unluckily, my husband is still so much of an invalid, that it is impossible for me to leave him; but, remembering the fondness you have often confessed to me of traveling, I venture to ask you to undertake the charge of our daughter. Of course you will have no expenses, and will make up to you the loss of your valuable time. Hoping for a favorable answer, believe me very truly yours, ROSE PATTERSON.

P.S.—Alice is engaged to be married to a Mr. Vanbruton; the match is all we could wish.

The lady to whom this letter was addressed read it through carefully twice, and then, still keeping it open in her hand, she turned to speak to her companion, a man who was occupying the only chair in a very meagrely furnished sitting-room.

"I have an invitation here," she said; "I think I shall accept it."

This elicted no response except a grunt, so Miss Rogers continued:

"It is from Mrs. Patterson, a lady I met two or three years ago; she wishes me to chaperon her daughter, to go abroad with her. What do you say to it, Dick?"

Her brother, thus appealed to, removed his pipe from his mouth, and regarded his sister intently.

She was worth looking at, but was by no means a handsome woman; her hair was a dull black, and her eyebrows were too thick, while her eyelids drooped, so that her eyes, her best feature, appeared half shut; but her figure was good, and her hands and feet small; altogether she was interesting, and although always pronounced plain, she often received more attention than many better-looking women.

"You evidently intend to go," replied her brother; "so, whatever I said would not make any difference to your plans, but my opinion is that Mrs. Patterson is a rash woman, and that I should hardly choose you, my dear Anna, as duenna to my only daughter."

Miss Rogers did not appear to be offended at this candid but not flattering opinion of her merits, but proceeded to make observations on the letter.

"She will pay all my expenses, and make up to me the loss of my valuable time. Very valuable, is it not? It is chiefly spent sitting here, waiting for pupils who never come. Miss Patterson is engaged. The match is all they could wish: so I conclude Mr. Vanbruton is wealthy."

"You had better answer it at once," said Dick, "and find out how soon you are going, and other particulars; and Anna," he added, crossing the room and touching her affectionately on the shoulder, "your luck is on the turn, don't abuse it."

"What do you mean?" asked his sister coldly.

"I mean, that with you good luck invariably means—mischief. You know, I never interfere with your arrangements, but for once, I entreat you, be straightforward, and don't attempt to fool these people, who wish to do you a kindness."

Anna laughed.

"Have you taken to preaching, Dick? Surely it will be a case of the blind leading the blind! Besides, I am not so sure about the intended kindness. You hire a servant, because you wish for some one to work for you, and you pay that servant, not because it is a kindness but because it is a necessity. If I recollect Miss Patterson rightly, she will consider me as a sort of upper servant, and treat me accordingly."

"Then, my dear, if I were you, I should certainly refuse the place," he replied promptly. "We are not precisely beggars, so you can choose which you would rather do."

"I have made up my mind and shall go. It would be folly to throw away a good chance for fear of a little unpleasantness," said Anna, and seated herself at the table to write her answer.

Dick went to the window and surveyed the grimy view of innumerable chimney-pots and the back gardens of the houses opposite. Presently he remarked:

"I am just trying to think what is your good chance in this expedition, but I give it up, unless it is that you expect to pick up a husband."

"Perhaps you have guessed it," murmured his sister sweetly, "although you have worded it coarsely. However I advise you not to trouble yourself about it, and if you are going out, please post this letter."

He took the letter, and bent down and kissed her, saying gently.

"I am not a particularly good man, Anna, but I doubt if you will ever find a husband as sincerely fond of you as I am. You see I have the advantage or disadvantage of being thoroughly acquainted with all your faults, and yet my affection doesn't cool."

And laughing a little at himself for displaying such unwonted feelings, he swaggered to the door, and went out, slamming it after him. Miss Rogers's hard face had softened considerably during her brother's brief harangue.

"He may not be a good man, and I am certainly a worse woman, but I think nothing will ever come between us, dear old Dick," she thought. "Still, I shall keep to my little plan. 'Every man for himself, &c.'" And Miss Rogers rang the bell to order her tea, a liking for which beverage surely both good and bad women agree in.

* * * * * *

Haythorpe Manor was a large, square-built house of by no means a picturesque exterior, but very spacious and comfortable within. It had no rambling corridors or old oak staircases; no deep window seats or other romantic nooks, and above all, no odd little steps in dark and unexpected places, giving terrible shocks to the nervous systems of the uninitiated, who unwarily approach them, and either stumble up or stumble down, as the case may be.

The owner, Mr. Patterson, who had built this house, was exceedingly matter-of-fact, and preferred what he called 'solid comfort' to uncomfortable picturesqueness, and considered that new-built houses should be new-fashioned and not old.

The hall, however, combined something of the picturesque with all the comfort, and was the favorite sitting-room in the house.

Mrs. and Miss Patterson were sitting here one hot afternoon towards the end of July, the former busily knitting a woolen stocking, which made one warm even to look at, and the latter lazily swinging herself to and fro in a rocking-chair.

"I wish, Alice," observed Mrs. Patterson, laying down her stocking, and surveying her daughter with a disapproving air, "I wish you could find something to do; the heat is not so great but that you might exert yourself a little."

Alice opened her pretty blue eyes and stopped rocking.

"I am exerting myself terribly," she replied. "I am composing, not an ode, but a letter to my beloved. Are you satisfied, mother dear?"

"I think you speak of Mr. Vanbruton in a very flippant way," said Mrs. Patterson severely. "Does he not do everything he can to please you? and you are very capricious. You really hardly deserve such a man."

"He is a dear old thing, and I am very fond of him," replied Mr. Vanbruton's fiancee carelessly. "But you can hardly expect me to be passionately in love with him; he has twenty thousand a year, but he is eighteen years my senior, and is already getting stout." And she shut her eyes as if she had discussed the subject sufficiently.

Her mother was silent for a few moments, and then said gently,

"Are you sure, dear, that you have quite given up thinking of that other—of Mr. Mayne?"

The girl moved her head restlessly, and her face flushed.

"Mother," she replied gently, "is not that subject tabooed? We agreed not to refer to Gerald Mayne again. I only remember that in six months I become Mr. Vanbruton's wife, that to-morrow I go abroad, and that Miss Rogers may arrive at any minute."

"Dear me! so she will. I do hope, Alice, that you have got over your absurd prejudice against her, and that at least you will be tolerably cordial to her."

"I don't suppose we shall quarrel, but I shall never like her. There is the carriage coming up the drive."

Miss Patterson rose from her chair and sauntered to the window which overlooked the front park.

"Her luggage won't trouble us much in over weight," she remarked.

"She has one box which would be just large enough to hold my hats."

Half an hour later Mrs. Patterson and her guest were sitting alone in the former's boudoir.

Miss Rogers hardly looked as if she had just arrived after a rather tedious journey Tidiness was her great, some people said her only, virtue, and her worst enemy could not say that she ever looked anything but neat.

"Yes, we are very pleased about her engagement," the fond mother was saying. "Though she has money of her own, we could never have dreamt of allowing her to marry a man with none, and Mr. Vanbruton is very wealthy, and has been most generous as to settlements."

Miss Rogers's dark eyes flashed, but she said indifferently, "Quite a paragon! and does his face equal his fortune?"

"Different people have different tastes," replied Mrs. Patterson stiffly. "His is a good, clever face, which is better to my mind than mere physical beauty."

"Is he young?" inquired Miss Rogers, mentally noting that he was plain.

"Of course, of course; but as you will probably meet him abroad, you will be able to judge for yourself," said Mrs. Patterson growing rather impatient at being catechised, and then growing confidential, she continued: "I must tell you that dear Alice had once a slight penchant for another gentleman, but we forbade the match, as he had absolutely next to no money. She is sincerely attached to her future husband, but I do not think it wise ever to let her mind dwell on him, the other, you know; so you must watch her, and see that she is always amused, and does not mope. I am sure you understand; and now I will show you your room, as you must require some rest before tea."

Mrs Patterson led her visitor through the hall and upstairs, and showed her into a large, airy bed-room, with windows overlooking the woods which skirted the park; and with the usual, polite hope that she would be comfortable, left her alone.

Miss Rogers divested herself of her bonnet and cloak, and, without even glancing at the glass, placed herself at the writing-table, and proceeded to write to her brother. She wrote fast and filled one sheet, and then tore off a fresh half and continued:

"And now, dear old Dick, as you are not here to scold me, I will confide to you my little plan. I hear that in every probability we shall meet this millionaire, Mr. Vanbruton, during our sojourn at Lucerne. Miss Alice, who has a nice little fortune of her own, was once, and I believe is still, in love with a gentlemanly pauper, but the stern parents have sent the said pauper about his business. Why should not I do evil that good may come? Why should not I fascinate her present fiancee and marry him myself, while, to soothe her jilted feelings, Miss Patterson's parents will unite her to her impecunious sweetheart, and we shall be happy ever after?"

Miss Rogers broke off here and thought awhile. The window was open and the breeze stole in, and played with the papers on the table and ruffled the writer's smooth hair.

"I do not think I will confide in him after all; suppose I failed, he would laugh at me."

And acting on this idea, Miss Rogers pushed the extra half-sheet towards the edge of the table, and signing her name to the other, put it in an envelope, and addressed it.

At that moment there came a knock at the door, and involuntarily she called out, "Come in," and Alice entered.

The sudden draught caused the gentle breeze to become mischievous, and it scattered the loose sheets of paper about the table and on the floor.

"Tea is ready," announced Alice, advancing towards the writing-table.

"Thank you. I will come," said Anna quickly, and began nervously to pick up the papers and sort them.

"Let me help you. I am afraid it was my fault," exclaimed the other.

"No, no, not for worlds—I mean please don't trouble yourself. I think I have collected them all now." Anna glanced at the bundle of papers she held in her hand, and, seeing one with writing on it, stuffed them all into the blotting book.

"I am ready, and will come down with you," she added, and the two ladies descended and found Mrs. Patterson and tea awaiting them in the hall. Miss Rogers presently exclaimed that she had dropped her handkerchief.

"I saw it on a chair in your room. I will fetch it for you," Alice said, and jumping up ran to fetch it. She returned in five or six minutes with the handkerchief. "It had got blown away under a table," she explained.

When Miss Rogers went to dress for dinner, she anxiously searched her blotting-book for the missing half-sheet; but, alas! in vain. What she had thought was her letter was only a few addresses written by some former occupant of the room.

"It must have been blown out of the window," Anna thought with resignation, as she watched something white gaily sailing in the wind over the shrubberies. "I fervently trust no one will get hold of it."

* * * * * *

Table d'hote at the Schweitzerhof, Lucerne, was in full swing; there was the usual motley crowd of gesticulating Frenchmen, stolid Germans, Yankees, and all sorts and conditions of Englishmen, eating, drinking, and chattering.

The long table was quite filled up, and so were most of the small ones. Sitting at the former, packed in between a pompous and elderly German and a middle-aged but vivacious American woman, was a young man, unmistakably English, who was neither eating nor chattering, nor even drinking much, but was listening with a half-amused, half-contemptuous smile, to the scraps of conversation that went on around him. A man on the opposite side of the table was remarking in a loud, blustering tone:

"What horrible cooking! Nothing but raw beef cut into thick slices to eat to-night. I thought this was supposed to be a first-class hotel. Here, garcon, take this away, or else bring me an axe to chop it with."

"Oh, my dear, do be quiet; everyone can hear you," murmured his wife, a pale, faded, little woman who looked absolutely crushed between her husband and a tall, black-eyed daughter, who was giggling and glancing over her fan at the silent Englishman, and who also took her father to task.

"Papa, how you go on! I don't believe you know the French for an axe. I am sure I don't. I wonder if anybody knows," with another killing glance directed across the table, but which was unfortunately quite wasted, as the object of it was gazing eagerly at two late arrivals, who were slowly advancing up the crowded room towards an occupied table.

"Well, I reckon I have eaten a worse dinner," said his American neighbor, intently studying the menu, and addressing no one in particular; "and there is plenty more to come yet. I can forgive the beef; this chicken is excellent. Don't you agree, sir?" this time pointedly making her remark to the abstracted youth, who, without turning his head, replied rather at random:

"Yes, it agrees with me; but chicken and salad grow monotonous after a fortnight spent on the Continent."

The lady raised her eyebrows with an air of surprise. She was rather a beauty, or had been once, and was accustomed, as a rule, to receive more attention from the male sex than this young man seem disposed to give her.

She observed his intent gaze, and putting up an eye-glass proceeded to study the new comers with almost as great an interest as she had taken in the menu.

"Ah, fine-looking girls, quite stylish; one is pretty, and very English, the other is just elegant. Friends of yours, I suppose!"

"Hang the woman's impertinence!" thought her neighbor; but replied politely that one was—an acquaintance.

Meanwhile the two ladies, perfectly unconscious, or, more truly perhaps, quite unconcerned at the small excitement they were causing, were quietly eating their dinner, with appetites bred by a long and tedious journey.

"I suppose you know Lucerne well, Miss Patterson," remarked the elder and darker of the two, as, having finished her soup, she leant back in her chair and surveyed the assembled company.

"I have never been here before," replied Alice. "I have always hated coming abroad. I don't mind Paris so much. The Louvre is lovely."

"Yes, indeed. Once seen those pictures could never be forgotten," exclaimed

Miss Rogers with quiet enthusiasm.

Alice began to laugh, and then said apologetically, "I am afraid I am dreadfully commonplace. I think I did see some pictures somewhere, but I meant the shops! I spent hours there, and papa said I wasted a great deal too much time, to say nothing of money, while we were in Paris, at the Magasin du Louvre, isn't that what they call it? But this seems a pretty place," she added, as if to make up for her want of appreciation for works of art.

"'Pretty' is scarcely the correct term for Switzerland" said Miss Rogers with rather a contemptuous air.

This woman had many passions, and chief amongst them was adoration for the vast beauty of Nature. To feel herself surrounded by mountains, to gaze across the expanse of blue water, was a happiness which she had never thought to experience again.

Her thoughts wandered back to days long gone by; before the girlish ambitions and expectations in the wonderful world which lay before her had given place to the woman's sad realizations and bitter disappointments of the real world she was now battling with. Who have not had their dreams of a brilliant future?

"After all, surely there are some people who seem to know no trouble, or only very trifling ones; why should not I also have my chance?

"But there's the rub, you miss your chance, and then you drift on with the hopeless cry, 'There is nothing left! What ever was I put here for? Better never have been born than to exist as I am doing.'

"On the other hand, perhaps, you seize your chance, you gain all you have ever aspired to, you feel a contemptuous pity for your friend who plods on in dull existence, you have grasped everything that life can give you, and highest summit of all, you are envied by your fellow men, when there comes that little rift within the lute which strikes dumb the music of your life, and which turns your greatest success to dust and ashes; and lucky are they who can bind up their wounds, and hide from the gaping crowd that they also have found this life a blank."

While Miss Rogers was pondering on such ideas as these, her watchful eyes were turned away from her companion's face, else she might have observed that it had suddenly become brilliantly rosy, and would have received a warning of danger from a fleeting glance directed towards herself from a pair of very blue eyes; as it was awakening gradually to the stern realities of everyday routine, she bent forward to help herself to salt, and just caught a glimpse of a peculiar smile hovering round Alice's lips.

"What is the joke?" she demanded dryly.

"Such a little one that it would not interest you," replied the other so sweetly that it robbed the remark of all apparent rudeness. "Would you mind much, dear Miss Rogers, if I left you to finish your dinner alone? This room is so hot that I could not eat another mouthful, and I think watching the boats on the lake is preferable to watching these people eat; so will you excuse me, and not think me awful rude?"

And hardly waiting for the required permission, Alice left the table and sauntered slowly down the room.

More than one pair of eyes belonging to the opposite sex gazed approvingly after the slight, graceful figure, robed in white, with such pretty fair hair crowning the small head, and giving her the appearance of being a good deal taller than she really was.

One young man was assuredly very much smitten, for, hastily pushing back his chair he quitted his place, and followed her out of the room. His American friend looked after him with a light smile:

"Guess he must have few acquaintances, since he is so keen to speak to this one," she thought, resigning herself to the fact that for once her charms had proved resistable.

Miss Rogers did not hurry, but finished her meal deliberately, and thoroughly enjoyed it. She had found that making the most of good things, especially at other people's expense, paid best, and if she didn't actually say her grace for an excellent dinner, at any rate she felt duly thankful for the same.

It was a delicious sensation, coming out of the stuffy atmosphere of the dining-room into the cool, soft evening air. Miss Rogers drew a deep sigh of delight, and forgetting all about her charge, she left the hotel, crossed the road, and wandered along the avenue of trees which skirts the lake.

It had been a tremendously hot day, but with sunset a little baby breeze had sprung up which gently and lazily beat against the gaily colored buntings and awnings which adorned the pleasure-boats, and swung the little paper-lanterns to and fro, so that the lights were reflected in the water like bright gems flashing from a very dark setting.

For almost an hour Miss Rogers paced slowly up and down, then at last she regretfully turned her steps towards the hotel.

The hall was lighted brilliantly, and the visitors were standing or sitting about in groups, and the contrast between the dark, still night outside, and this light and clamor within, caused Miss Rogers to feel dazed and blinded. As she stood hesitating at the entrance, she heard Alice's voice, and saw her advancing across the hall towards her accompanied by a stranger. The girl came quite up to her, and laid her hand upon her arm, almost affectionately, and calling her for the first time by her Christian name said, "I have been looking for you everywhere, Anna. I have been quite longing to introduce you to Mr. Vanbruton."

Miss Rogers bowed, and when, after a few commonplace remarks on that well-worn topic the weather, he turned to speak to Alice, she looked at him searchingly, and with an eager interest.

And so this good-looking, but seemingly rather weak youth, was her intended victim, and Mr. Vanbruton was young, and not middle-aged as somehow she had imagined him from Mrs. Patterson's vague reply to her question concerning his age. Well, so much the better; the conquest would not be so difficult.

"Alice is certainly pretty and I am plain; she has the advantage of me in that respect," she thought as she followed the two upstairs to their private sitting-room. But still, she is almost a school-miss, with not much idea beyond a mild flirtation, while I am a woman who knows something of life: we shall see who has the strong will."

The sitting-room windows opened on to a balcony overlooking the lake, and exclaiming at the beauty of the night, Alice stepped out.

It was very beautiful. The moon had just risen, and the lake, touched by its cold, soft rays, had become radiant and glorified.

A little boat was setting off from the shore, laden with two happy, laughing mortals; they shot out into the broad belt of moonlight and then disappeared into the darkness beyond.

Who, gazing upon so calm a scene as this could ever imagine such a thing as a storm? And yet, perhaps in half an hour, those wonderful mountains may be hidden, that deep blue sky, studded with millions of heavenly lamps, be overcast and black with threatening clouds, and that gentle breeze, transformed into a moaning wind, lashing the ripples into waves.

Where will be that little boat? Wrecked, wrecked, and drifting away, leaving the lovers, hand clasped in hand, peacefully lying many feet below in the dark, treacherous water, quite safe now from the cruel storm.

Miss Patterson did not invite the young man to follow her, and he stood uncertainly by the window, looking after her longingly but feeling that it might be as well to be polite to the "companion."

"Will you play or sing something?" said Alice, looking in at the window. "Mr. Vanbruton is devoted to music. I always regret that I am so stupid, and cannot sympathise with him—do sing."

Anna moved towards the piano and Mr. Vanbruton followed her to open it.

"Would you really like me to sing?" she asked him softly, and glancing at him with her deep, sleepy eyes.

"Indeed I should; nothing I should like better," he readily replied, and bestowing more interest upon her than he had hitherto done. "May I get your music for you?"

"I have none; I sing without notes."

Inwardly blessing Providence that he was not obliged to turn over any leaves, which he generally failed in doing at the right time, the young man leant indolently against the piano and prepared to endure a song.

"Which do you like," inquired Anna: "a sad song or a gay one; an old or new?"

"Any you like," he said absently. He could see Alice's white dress, as she paced the balcony slowly to and fro, and he was wondering how soon he would be released and able to join her.

Quietly, and without any effort, Miss Rogers struck a few chords and then began to sing. She had chosen that song 'My love is come,' and surely never before had those passionate words been sung with so much passion. Vanished was that hard, cold voice, and in its place a rich full contralto rang out into the evening air, which rescued the passers by and made them pause to listen, and to envy such a glorious gift.

Who has the talent more to be desired, the painter or the singer? I think the latter; because, although the actual evidence of the former's gift lives long after the master himself has passed away, and is handed down from one generation to another, the great singer can create such wonderful pleasure at the moment, both to himself and others. He can stir hearts with a power no painter ever knows, and call to full life emotion which lie dormant before a painting, however beautiful.

She ceased, the last notes died away, and still touching the keys gently with one hand, she looked at her companion. He was bending forward with a look of unmistakable admiration in his grey eyes.

"Sing again; do sing again," was all he said, and she obeyed him. Song after song he insisted on until Alice appeared and declared that Anna would be tired. "Good night," she added to Mr. Vanbruton. "You must really go; I am dreadfully sleepy." He shook hands with both ladies, but with Anna last, saying to her, "You will sing to me again to-morrow, won't you?"

How quickly time passes when we are happy; so quickly that we forget to enjoy the present moment so much as afterwards we think we ought to have done. We plan pleasures for the future, we look back with a regretful sigh at the past, but we never take sufficient pleasure in the present. We exclaim, I was quite happy then, but do we ever say, I am quite happy now?

Miss Rogers and Alice had passed a fortnight at Lucerne, the weather had been perfect, they had had a devoted young man nearly always in attendance, so surely they could say with truth that they were having an exceptionally good time. Two out of the trio thought so whether they said it or not, and these two were walking together one hot afternoon towards the Cathedral.

"To think that I have only known you a fortnight!" Mr. Vanbruton was saying. "I feel as if we had been friends for months, and yet the days fly by."

"Then you have not been bored," observed his companion. "Yet we have spent a very idle life. I should have fancied that a young man like you would begun to find time dragging somewhat."

"How could I?" he answered earnestly. "Yesterday you allowed me to row you on the lake, the day before we went for a drive, the day before that we lunched at Wegeis', you and I alone; the day before we——"

"Stop! stop!" cried Anna, laughing. "I being to feel quite ashamed of having inflicted my company upon you so much. It was too bad of Alice going off on excursions with her friends and leaving us behind."

"I feel very grateful towards her," he said quietly. "I shall always think of Lucerne as one of the most delightful spots on earth. Have you enjoyed this fortnight, Miss Rogers, I wonder?"

She turned her face away so as to hide the rich color which had stolen to her pale cheeks. "Lucerne will always live in my memory as the one pleasant experience in in my life," she answered softly.

"You talk very bitterly sometimes," he said. "I often wonder if you really mean it."

"I am afraid I do," Anna sadly replied. "Would you care to hear my history, Mr. Vanbruton? It is not particularly interesting or cheerful one, and I am a very commonplace heroine; but still it will show you that I have a little excuse to grumble."

"Indeed, I should like to hear it," he assented eagerly. "Let us rest here on this bench."

They sat down, and Anna proceeded with her story, gazing dreamily at the lake, as she told it, and never suffering her eyes to meet his.

"We were never very well off," she began. "But I remember a time when we lived happily enough in a small suburban villa at Norwood. My mother died when I was quite young; she had been a great singer, and her death made a good deal of difference to us, as it was her earnings which enabled us to live fairly comfortably.

"My father wrote for the papers and some periodicals, and I know now must have been a weak sort of man, but how I loved him! I was his constant companion, and would sit up with him night after night, frequently reading while he wrote; he used to say that it inspired him to have me in the room with him, so there I used to sit, when other girls of my age were in bed and asleep hours before.

"When I was sixteen I received my first blow. My father married again. His second wife was a widow with a small property, but oh! a fearful temper. I think he married her, hoping she would retrieve our fallen fortunes, instead of which she dragged us down deeper and more hopelessly into the mire than we had ever been before.

"Poor old Dad, he saw his mistake too late, and I think he fretted for our old happy days. Before long his health began to fail, and a cold settling on his lungs killed him, and I was left desolate! My only brother was ranching in America, but I had a bare pittance to live upon, and I at once left my step-mother, and sought for a situation.

"I was lucky, as I thought, and became companion to an invalid lady, whose husband was in India. We began to be sincerely attached to one another, and for a year I was very happy. Then, one black day the husband returned. He was a brute and treated her badly, but she loved him devotedly, and never owned he could do wrong.

"How can I tell you what next happened? He turned his odious attentions towards the humble companion, and tried to make love to her almost before his sick wife's eyes. How I hated him! and one fine morning I told him so. He was mean and revengeful, and made out to his wife many wicked lies about me. She believed him, and would not listen to anything I had to say, so I was dismissed with ignominy.

"What was I to do then? Fortunately Dick, my brother, in the meantime, had returned from America. I went to him, and he gave me shelter until I had found another engagement.

"This time I was with a lady I had known in the days of my comparative prosperity; she was kind, but I had many hardships to put up with. I remained with her until I was four-and-twenty, when I became engaged to be married to a man who was a frequent visitor at the house. He was well-off, young, and not bad-looking, and I thought at the time that I loved him very much.

"A month before our wedding-day, I threw up my 'situation' and went home (to my brother's) to make preparations and get ready my small trousseau. Everything was arranged, even to the minutest detail of our wedding-tour; when, just a week before the auspicious event was to take place, my adorer disappeared, leaving me a polite little note saying that he feared he should never make me happy, and that he was on his way to Australia, and, I heard afterwards, in the company of another lady.

"After this cheerful experience, I abjured matrimony, and felt a genuine hatred towards the male species. Well, I struggled on, sometimes with good luck, more often with bad, and here I am, having reached the mature age of nine-and-twenty, with nothing very brilliant to look back upon and nothing very joyous to look forward to. There, I have finished my tale of woe. Have you been edified?"

As she finished speaking, Anna rose from the bench, and they began to walk quickly towards the Cathedral.

"Thank you very much for telling me," said her companion, and added eagerly, his fair face flushing, and his voice trembling, "You say I may be your friend, but I seem to be so powerless to help you in any way."

"Have you not learnt by this time," said she sadly, "that a woman is not allowed to have any friends belonging to the opposite sex? I mean no real friends who could ever be of any service to her. The world does not recognise any such thing as a purely platonic friendship. If one of us happens to take an interest, however slight, in a man, or is remarked upon as seeming to enjoy his society, or he ours, the world instantly exclaims, with its usual disregard of the 'charity that thinketh no evil,' 'How shockingly Mrs. A., or Miss B., is carrying on with that Mr. D.!' This same idiotic world cannot imagine that a man and woman, having instincts in common, and a fine sympathy one with the other, may be most sincere friends, without a spark of sentiment. Oh no! If they find pleasure in one another's society, they must be either one or the other, or both, madly in love. It is a mercy to think that in the next world we are promised that there shall be no marriage or giving in marriage, so perhaps we may be allowed to enjoy sensible friendships. Have I shocked you, Mr. Vanbruton? Perhaps my ideas are not strictly orthodox, but blame my bringing up for that."

"I think I agree with you in some respects," he answered thoughtfully. "But I think that there is a certain amount of danger in these friendships. One is apt to imagine, or try to imagine it still only mere friendship, when that little spark of sentiment has kindled a feeling that is akin to, if not precisely, love itself; we may hide it up, and disguise it under its 'friendly' cloak to ourselves, but a chance word, or a sudden emotion, will strip it bare, and reveal to us, unfortunately, too late, what it really is."

"No, no, that is quite contrary to my doctrine," said Anna half laughingly. "My two examples of this friendship have no inflammable sentiment. She would sympathise with him most heartily in his love affairs, or any other affairs; he would listen with equal interest to her confidences, and so one would have quite trust in the other; until the kind remarks of this amiable world spoil what would otherwise have been a firm friendship until the end of the chapter."

By this time they had reached the top of the steps, and were now standing at the Cathedral door.

"I don't think I could be that sort of friend to you," he said softly and shyly.

"Why? Do you think Alice will object?" Anna asked scornfully. "When you are married——"

"Anna, Anna, listen," he interrupted passionately; "I must tell you. I have been longing to tell you. I do not care what Alice will say. I——"

He stopped abruptly. It was no good protesting to the air, and his companion had suddenly drawn aside the curtain at the entrance and had entered the church; so he slowly retraced his steps and went back towards the hotel.

Meanwhile Anna was kneeling before an altar lit by a few little candles, which gave a glimmering, uncertain light, and only intensified the darkness around.

There was a tremendous struggle going on within her breast. A loathing for herself had sprung up with a certain new-born love, and mixed with a trembling joy that she loved and was loved in return was a feeling of contempt for her meanness in plotting, and succeeding so well, in taking away another woman's lover.

"How mean I have been; how mean I am!" she thought. "But I cannot give him up. Alice does not feel for him as I do, and he loves me, not her. Yet what was it Dick said? 'Be straightforward for once,' and this is how I have obeyed him. What am I do?"

And thus her good and bad angels strove together, each fighting desperately for this poor woman's soul. With which will God allow the victory to rest?

Alice Patterson, having returned from an excursion with some friends, was seated comfortably in her sitting-room, reading a Tauchnitz, and seemingly taking life easily.

She glanced at the clock now and then, for she was awaiting the chief event of the day—the English mail.

Her patience was not tried long—a waiter presently appeared with three letters, and bearing an apology from the manager, that one of the letters for Mademoiselle had been laid aside instead of being delivered the day before.

Alice opened this one first, and as she perused its contents she puckered up her smooth forehead into rather an ugly frown.

"How very annoying!" she murmured, and read it through carefully again; then hearing footsteps advancing towards the door, she hastily put it in her pocket, and resumed her reading.

Miss Rogers entered the room; she looked excited, and was trembling visibly. She walked up to Alice's chair and confronted her.

"Miss Patterson," she began, "I am sorry if it is any inconvenience to you, but I must go home immediately. I cannot explain, but circumstances forbid me to stay longer abroad."

"Go home!" repeated Alice with unaffected astonishment. "And may I ask if I am to remain alone here, or go off at once to suit your own convenience. Is anybody ill?"

"No one is ill; do not ask me any more; but I must go," repeated Anna, picking up a Bradshaw and rapidly turning over the leaves.

"Suppose I say you cannot go," remarked the other coldly. "You have entered into an agreement with my mother to be a certain time abroad with me as chaperon," with a faint sneer on the last word. "For no reason whatever, at least for no reason that you can explain, you wish suddenly to return."

"You have plenty of friends here," urged Miss Rogers. "Lady Mackenzie was only asking you the other day to go with her to Geneva; cannot you accept her invitation?"

"No, I cannot," returned Alice with anger. "I have my reasons for wishing to remain at Lucerne."

"Very well; since it is your command, Miss Patterson, of course I must stay, but do not forget I wished to go."

Alice laid down her book, and quietly studied Miss Rogers' agitated countenance.

"I see what it is, Anna," she said carelessly; "you are afraid of transferring the affections of my fiance from their rightful owner to your own self! Pray, don't have any scruples; I give you full leave to try."

Anna's eyes flashed, and her face grew crimson, but she replied calmly and cuttingly,

"Have you any more insults to offer me? I am quite aware of the difference in our positions, and am sure that no man, on whom the rich Miss Patterson has once condescended to smile, could ever demean himself to look at another woman; still, I warn you, you may perhaps regret your very kind permission."

Alice rose from her seat and sauntered towards the window. "I shall regret nothing," she observed, and vanished out on to the balcony.

Miss Rogers sank into a chair, exhausted by the varied emotions she had been experiencing that afternoon.

She covered her face with her hands and sobbed bitterly; she did not hear the door open and shut gently, nor the quick step of a man cross the floor to her side; but she felt gentle hands touch hers, and a voice say softly in her ear:

"Anna, darling, tell me, what is it?"

She endeavored to snatch her hands away from his, but he held them fast.

"I will not let go until I have told you that I love you. Oh, how I love you! For God's sake do not send me away."

Anna ceased struggling, and, lifting her head proudly and almost defiantly, said steadily:

"And I love you. I will not send you away."

Alice Patterson stood at the window and watched this little scene. She was very pale, and one hand clutched convulsively at the blind cord.

Presently her fixed gaze attracted the principal actors, and they looked up. Anna sprang to her feet; the other flushed up to his temples, but still he kept her hand in his.

"And so, Miss Rogers, I suppose I must congratulate you. Are you going to marry this gentleman?" asked Alice.

"Miss Rogers has done me the honor to accept me," said the young haughtily.

"Do you really intend to marry him?" persisted the girl, paying no attention to his interruption.

"Yes," said Anna, in a low voice.

"This shows me the true worth of your valuable affections," Alice continued, now turning to her quondam lover. "I am jilted; absolutely jilted!"

"Stop this farce," interposed the young man roughly. "I have been intending for days to explain to Miss Rogers the absurd situation you have placed me in. I——"

His sentence was destined never to be completed; a knock at the door, and a masculine voice demanding permission to enter, interrupted him.

Alice went quickly to the door and opened it. A stranger, a stout, middle aged man, entered the room; he took Alice's hand and pressed it warmly between both of his, saying:

"I have only just arrived, and hastened at once to see you. You received my letter?"

"It was delayed, and only reached me half an hour ago, but I am delighted to see you," replied Alice. "I must introduce you to Miss Rogers, who is kindly traveling with me; also, to Mr. Mayne, the gentleman Miss Rogers is about to marry."

"What!" exclaimed Anna, starting forward. "Mr. Mayne! and who is Mr. Vanbruton?"

The stout stranger smiled and bowed.

"My name is Vanbruton, John Vanbruton," and noticing with surprise the generally disturbed air of the little party he had so suddenly appeared amongst, he continued. "Perhaps I had better find out my rooms, and return later."

"Very well," assented Alice. Mr. Mayne, do go with Mr. Vanbruton and look after him."

The new comer hardly appeared as if he required looking after, but the young man obeyed, and the two left the room.

"And now will you explain what all this means?" cried Anna with an air of great bewilderment.

"Willingly," said Alice, and seated herself at the table, and, resting her elbow on it, shielded her face with one hand, so that she could watch her companion with her own countenance half hidden.

"The evening we arrived here, a fortnight ago, I accidentally, really accidentally, met this gentleman, Mr. Mayne, who was once a very great friend of mine, but whom I was forbidden, for certain reasons of my mother's, to be any longer friendly with. On the spur of the moment I made up a plan by which I could enjoy his society for at least a few weeks before we parted, probably for ever. Very few of my friends are acquainted with either Gerald Mayne or Mr. Vanbruton, so I proposed to the former that he should, as a sort of joke you know, take the name of the latter, just while in our company; you may have observed that I have never introduced him to any casual acquaintances here. I impressed upon him that if you knew who he really was, you would report his presence to mamma, and then adieu to all our fun at Lucerne. He agreed—he generally did to anything I chose to do—and I introduced him to you as my fiance. Of course, it was all very wrong, but I meant it as a sort of practical joke, a bad one, perhaps, especially as I soon found my lot was to play second fiddle, and quite out!"

"That was not all," Miss Rogers said slowly. "It was not all a joke; there was something else."

There was a silence for a minute or two between the two women and nothing was heard but the gentle splash-splash of the lake; then, with a visible effort, Alice said, in a hurried and nervous voice—

"Yes, you are right; there was something else. You remember the day you came to Haythrops? I fetched your handkerchief from your room, there was an unfinished letter on the floor——"

"Which you read," Anna interrupted. "How honorable! How truly honorable!"

"You need not sneer so," retorted Alice. "It was hardly honorable on your part to purpose doing your best to marry my intended husband. I was replacing your letter on the table, when two or three words arrested my attention, and I read it through. I then twisted it up and let it blow away out of the window. You see, it was I who did the evil that good might come. I have not lost my husband, and you are engaged to be married to the man you profess to love. No harm has been done, and I suppose all parties will be satisfied."

"And how do you think the real Mr. Vanbruton will enjoy this little comedy?" asked Miss Rogers quietly.

"I dare say it may amuse him, if you think it absolutely necessary to tell him," replied Alice carelessly. "But he will no doubt think much of the part you have played in it, as for mine, I have no doubt that I shall be able to explain satisfactorily. And now you mention him," she added, rising and going to the door, "I will go and see where he is. Shall I send Gerald?"

"One minute, Miss Patterson," exclaimed the other; "I should like to say one thing more. I know it is useless to ask your pardon, but I swear that I was sorry when it was too late. How can a girl like you, brought up to have everything almost that you can wish for, loved by fond parents, shielded by them from all possible care or sorrow, know or guess the temptations which surround a woman like me, who have been left to shift for myself from earliest childhood? I have had no one to guard me against hardships and troubles. True, I have a brother who lends me a helping hand when he can, but, poor fellow, he needs one too often himself."

As Alice listened, the hard expression in her face melted away, and her voice was kind and gentle as she replied—

"Do not speak so bitterly, Anna. If what you say is true, my fault is much greater than yours, for I have far less excuse. Believe me, in everything there is compensation. Remember after all you have Gerald and if he is not a Mr. Vanbruton, at least he is not quite penniless." And so saying Alice quietly left the room.

"After all, you have Gerald!" These words rang in Anna's ears as she paced to and fro; but had she got him? What would he say if he knew, if he ever happened to know? She was thinking thus when the man himself entered the room. He went straight to her and took her into his arms.

"Darling, can you ever forgive me for having so grossly deceived you? At first I did it for fun, and then afterwards I dare not tell you, as I feared that you would send me away, thinking that I was Alice's lover whom she was not to meet, and that I should have to leave you. What must you have thought of me, believing me to be engaged to one girl, and yet knowing as you must have known, that I had fallen in love with you? Will you forgive me, dearest?"

She drew herself gently away from his embrace.

"I forgive you with all my heart; listen to me, and then I wonder if you can pardon as easily."

"I will listen to nothing," he cried impetuously. "I know you love me, that is enough." Once more he put his arms around her, and this time she did not resist.

"Are you sure," she murmured, "you are not mistaking me for Alice?" For answer he kissed her lovingly and tenderly, and she seemed quite satisfied with that reply.

A Curious Custom.—A very curious custom of the Vienna Hofburg was brought before the public by the death of Crown Prince Rudolph. On the day after his death an undertaker at Vienna received the order for an oak coffin, to be delivered on the same day.

The man asked for a little more time, but the order was that the coffin must be delivered the same day, otherwise it would be of no use. What was the reason of this haste? The Crown Prince lay already in his coffin, and no one else had died at the Hofburg.

Presently, however, the reason was given that it is the custom to have always a coffin ready at the Imperial Palace. When the terrible news from Meyerling came to Vienna, the oak coffin which had been in readiness ever since the death of Archduke Franz Karl, the father of the present Emperor, was sent to Meyerling to receive the remains of the dead man; and according to tradition the Imperial house must not be without its empty coffin for 24 hours in order that the inhabitants of the Hofburg may have always an opportunity of comparing the vast halls which are now their dwelling place, with the narrow bed which will be their last resting place.

FLOWERS IN HISTORY.

"Canterbury bells" (or the nettle-leaved bell-flower) are associated with the pilgrims who flocked to the shrine of Thomas a Becket, for these pilgrims rang bells placed upon poles as they went, chiming with those on their horses' necks.

The harebell of modern poets is said to have been originally termed "air-bell" on account of their waving under the slightest breeze, supported on such slender and delicate stems, called by some the "witches' thimbles."

Amongst the special favorites of the flower-loving world, the chrysanthemum most certainly may be ranked, although it makes no appeal to our love of perfume. As the special heraldic emblem of the Mikados of Japan, this flower deserves some notice, and because it is honored with a special festival in that country, being one of the five annual flower fetes; the others being the cherry-tree, the iris, the Wistaria and the plum-tree.

The Japanese florists build up their chrysanthemums into effigies of their deities and celebrated heroes, real or fabulous; so arranging the colors of the flowers as to array these personages in gorgeous fashion, the "Sun-goddess" being clothed in golden [illegible].

Clover, known by its old name of "Trefoil," is a plant likewise dignified by historic associations. The ancients symbolized Hope as a little child standing on tip-toe holding a clover blossom in his hand. St. Patrick is said to have represented it as an emblem of the Holy Trinity, having endeavored to explain the mysterious nature of the holy "Three in One" to the ignorant heathen to whom he preached in Ireland.

The shamrock thenceforth became the badge or distinctive heraldic device of that country. By old herbalists it used to be called both "Alleluja" and "Cuckoo's Meat."

Gerard says, in explanation of these names, that "when it springeth forth the cuckoo singeth most; at which time also 'alleluja' was wont to be sung in the churches."

The finding of a four-leaved clover is variously regarded as very "lucky," or much the reverse. The Druids esteemed it greatly, and believed it to be a charm against evil spirits; and even now, in the North of England, it is placed in dairies and stables to ensure them against the spells of witches.

We find the trefoil much employed in architectural decorations, the form being adopted in church windows, for the capitals of pillars, and as a finish to the four limbs of crosses.

In the "language of flowers" it is used to symbolize "fertility," and it possesses the distinctive characteristic of being able to vegetate after having lain dormant for many years. The early Italian painters in their representations of the crucifixion introduce the wood-sorrel on account of its symbolic meaning.

There are many ancient legends connected with the daisy, and amongst them we find its origin traced to the race of nymphs called Dryads, through one of the Belides. She is said to have encouraged the suit of Ephigenus, the rural divinity, and while dancing with him on the green sward, attracted the admiration of the guardian deity of the orchards—Vertumnus. To escape from his attentions she was changed into the daisy. In an ancient floral vocabulary it is said to represent "candor and innocence."

In Teutonic and Scandinavian mythology, the special flower dedicated to the moon is the daisy. In French a Marguerite or daisy means a pearl; and in German it is also known as the "Meadow-pearl." The Greek for pearl, Margarites, became in Latin Margarita, as it remains in Italian; the same word in each language denoting both a pearl and a daisy.

The Fleurs-de-Lys (or de Luce) are conventional representations of the lily. The French name is a corruption of Fleur de Louis, originating from the fact that Louis VII. of France adopted it as his device, A. D. 1137. But it would seem that, as a symbol of that country, the Iris is traced back to the time of Hadrian, A. D. 100 (and odd) when a lady holding one of these flowers was the emblem of Gaul.

R. A. Gunn, M. D., Dean and Professor of Surgery, of the United States Medical College, editor of Medical Truths, author of "Gunn's New and Improved Hand-book of Hygiene and Domestic Medicine," speaking with reference to Warner's Safe Cure, said over his own signature: "I prescribed it in full doses in both acute and chronic Bright's disease, with the most satisfactory results. . . . I am willing to acknowledge and commend thus frankly the value of Warner's Safe Cure." If you are gradually losing your strength, have extreme pallor of face, puffiness under the eyes, persistent swelling of the joints, abdomen and legs, unaccountable sharp pain in the heart, shortness of breath, begin taking Warner's Safe Cure without delay!

AT HOME AND ABROAD

A pair of Berlin lovers, whose union was opposed by the parents, eloped and set out for English soil on Heligoland to get married. When they got to Hamburg they found that no steamers were running, so they hired a sailboat. The waves were pretty high, and before they were at sea an hour, he excused himself to go below to lie down on a sofa. She, left alone above deck, thought about it a while, concluded that she didn't want to get married after all, and ordered the captain to turn back toward Hamburg. There her lover was unable to induce her to stay with him, and she went back to Berlin on the first train.

There seems to be an opinion prevailing in some quarters that ladies do not like to be stout. It is now known that this is a mistake. At least so a gossiper assures us. Any number of physicians will tell you that many ladies undergo a special diet to make them stout. They do not stop this diet even after their figures have assumed pronounced proportions. They say they like to be chubby and round and palpitating. The favorite mixture of these ladies is a home-made decoction called "Dope." It must be taken three times a day certainly, and some ladies who like the drink take it more often. "Dope" is condensed milk and hot water—a teaspoonful of the milk to a goblet of the water.

A story of a Maine Judge's love for fishing, and shrewdness in gratifying his piscatorial passion, is told by a paper there. He was on the bench when the word came that trout were biting at Weld Pond, and he had a case on the docket for trial. It was a divorce case between an old couple who had lived together for 40 years, and now wanted to be released from the bonds of matrimony. There were many witnesses, and the Judge foresaw that if the matter came to trial it would be four or five days before he could get away; so he sent for the old couple and talked the matter over. He gave them good advice, and they finally agreed to try once more to live together in harmony, and went away happy. The next morning the Judge started for Weld.

A despatch from Sioux City, Iowa, says: J. R. Barr was arrested last April for selling liquor without a license. The Grand Jury indicted him and he pleaded guilty. The whirligig of time brought the indicted man to Sioux City to act as a juror Friday. Six indictments had been returned by the Grand Jury against Juror Barr, to which pleas of guilty had been entered. The Court presented these indictments to the jury Friday, with instructions in each case to return a verdict of guilty. The indictment of Barr, with his plea, was among the batch. Neither Judge, attorney, Court officials nor the jury for one moment suspected that Defendant Barr had any connection with Juror Barr. The jury retired, voted according to instructions, and Juror Barr silently voted for his own conviction.

AN OLD TIME PARTISAN.

It is easy to recall to mind his familiar figure as he sits, during winter evenings, in his favorite corner.

In his easy-chair, with pipe in hand and his silver rimmed "specs" pushed back until they find a soft resting place on his beloved snow-white head, with eyes sparkling and his face beaming with pleasure as he calls back old memories of days long gone by, he is likely to talk something after this fashion:

"It's a long time since I was a boy. Ah, but that was many years ago. Sixty long years have gone and the good Lord knows they were short enough. I was then as spruce and pert as any chap thereabouts.

"Oh, but we boys were boys! Things have changed a heap since those days. Boys then didn't take much stock in stylish clothes and they didn't carry canes like they do now. Clothes and canes didn't cut much caper then, but it was good hard sense and work.

"The boy who could do the biggest day's work—could cut the most wood, split the most rails, plough the most corn, was the most envied, for he was sure to have the sweetest and best lookin' gal at the 'singin' school' or 'apple peelin'.

"I tell you those were good old times!

"I didn't think anything of going thirty mile or more to see your grandmother, and we didn't have very good roads either, but generally had to follow some old Indian trail.

"Talkin' about sickness then, there was no sickness like now. If we had a cold, a pain, or anything, there was the best medicine in the world found in any log cabin home you came across. Why, I remember that my old grandmother, God bless her soul, she's been dead these fifty years or more, could make the best home made medicine for miles around. Her 'sarsaparilly' couldn't be beat. Come to think I just read in the paper about somebody who is making this same old log cabin medicine, under the name of 'Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla.'

"It does seem splendid to think that you can buy those good old home cures at the druggist's nowadays.

"I doubt you think people were not healthy in those days, but I tell you that it was mighty seldom anybody was sick long when they had such good old grandmother medicine so handy.

"People used to be stronger, healthier and they lived longer, when I was a boy."

Our Young Folks.

THEIR AFTERNOON.

BY MAGGIE BROWNE.

"NOW, Carrie, quick! If we can only get round the corner without being seen we are safe."

Carrie was very quick, but somebody else was quicker, although that somebody was smaller, and when the two girls reached the corner of the street the first thing they saw was that somebody.

"Well, I never!" said Pollie. Pollie was very fond of saying, "Well, I never!"

"Samuel," said Carrie—for that was the somebody's name—"Samuel, how did you get here?"

Samuel smiled triumphantly, and said calmly, "I want to go too, Carrie."

Carrie looked at Pollie in despair, but Pollie only shrugged her shoulders as much as to say: "He's your brother; you must settle it."

"Samuel," said Carrie, "we are going to Greentop Hill, and it is too far for you. You can't go."

"But I want," said Samuel stolidly.

Carrie once more turned to Pollie.

"Very well, Carrie; if he goes, I don't," and Pollie turned away, evidently considering the matter settled.

"But I want," said Samuel again.

"Samuel, look here, if you will only agree to go back home," said Carrie. "I'll ——"

Samuel's face brightened.

"I'll give you a pick-a-back.

"Don't want one," said Samuel a little coldly.

"Then we'll give you a bandy-chair," said Polly relenting.

Samuel smiled. He did not know what a bandy-chair was, but it sounded inviting.

"Really and truly?" he said.

"Yes, really and truly," said both the girls.

Samuel turned round and marched off. The girls watched him until he disappeared round the corner, and then began to walk in the opposite direction towards Greentop Hill.

"We will rest when we get to the top of the hill," said Carrie.

"And then we will go down to the stream and wade," added Pollie.

Carrie shook her head and looked doubtful.

"Mother said not."

"But that was because Samuel was with you. She would let you do it when you're alone, I'm sure. Besides, if we wade across the stream we can come the short way home across the fields," said artful Pollie.

Carrie still hesitated, but when they reached the stream and she saw Pollie wading, all her doubts were forgotten, and she was soon in the water.

Still, somehow or other she did not enjoy it. The water seemed colder and the stones seemed to hurt her feet more than they usually did.

She was soon tired, and proposed to Pollie that they should carry their shoes and stockings to the other side and get ready to go home.

Pollie agreed, and they waded across and sat down.

They were nearly ready to start. Pollie was fastening her last button, and Carrie was tying her last knot, when they heard a church clock striking four.

"We shall have to run," said Pollie. "What a good thing Samuel is not here."

Just at that moment there was a shout. Both girls started and jumped up.

"Carrie!"

The second time it was more like a cry than a shout.

It sounded much like Samuel's voice, but of course that was impossible.

"Carrie!" shouted someone again; and this time there could be no mistake. It was Samuel.

"He has not seen us yet; let's hide," whispered Pollie.

Before Carrie had time to answer, Pollie pushed her down behind a thick bush, just as Samuel's sturdy legs came in sight.

Those legs were sturdy, but they were very tired, for Samuel had found that it was a long way to Greentop Hill.

He was so curious to find out where the girls would buy the bandy chair—for he quite expected they would buy it—that he had followed them to see for himself.

He had come down the stream and looked about him, but neither girls nor chair could he see.

"Carrie!" he called once more.

"I thought I saw Pollie's dress," he said gently, then he smiled. "Perhaps they're hiding—I know," and down he sat, and began taking off his shoes and his stockings.

One foot was bare, and then there was a rustle among the bushes and out ran Carrie.

"Samuel, you know you mustn't!"

"I thought you were there," said Samuel. "Where's the bandy-chair?"

"You're a naughty boy, Samuel," said Carrie. "Why did you come?"

"I wanted the chair," said Samuel; "I couldn't wait."

"Well, we must go home now. Come over to me, you need not take your other boot off. Hop across. Give me your hand."

But Sammy could not reach so far.

There was a splash, then another, and then Carrie pulled him on to the bank. She set him down, and began to rub his bare foot; but it was not wet.

"Why, how funny," said Samuel: "I must have hopped with the wrong foot; my stocking and boot are so wet."

"Well, I never," said Pollie, and began to laugh.

"You must take them off then," said Carrie, "and we will carry you; but where is your stocking?"

"Why, I must have dropped it when I hopped," said Samuel innocently; "look, it's on the other side—I'll fetch it."

He stepped back into the stream, safely reached the other side, and picked up the stocking.

As he was returning, however, he placed his foot on a sharp stone, slipped, and tumbled backwards.

Forgetting all about herself, Carrie rushed into the water, and caught him just in time.

Samuel began to cry, and Carrie was so frightened that she followed his example.

"Don't cry, Carrie," whispered Pollie, "he's not hurt. It's all right."

Samuel was only frightened, for Carrie, by catching him, had saved him from a bad fall.

Carrie's feet were wet through, however, and Samuel's stocking was lost.

They were a very dismal party as they made their way home. The girls took it in turns to carry Samuel, but they were obliged to go very slowly, for he was heavy, and Carrie's feet ached with the cold.

"I think I could walk more quickly on this grass if I took my wet boots and stockings off," said Carrie.

Pollie seemed to think so too.

"Where shall we buy the bandy-chair?" said Samuel, who was now recovering his spirits.

"Well, I never," said Pollie; "how stupid! That would be by far the best way to carry him."

Carrie tied her boots and stockings round her waist, and Samuel, mounted up in the girls' arms, learnt with astonishment that he was in a bandy-chair.

For the rest of the journey he was quite happy and Carrie grew more cheerful.

So they reached home.

Then Carrie, like a wise girl, went straight to her mother, and told her everything.

Mother looked very grave when she heard how nearly Samuel had fallen into the water.

"Oh, Carrie," she said, as she hugged small Samuel very hard, "he might have been drowned! Promise me never to go to the stream again; and you too, Samuel, promise."

"Really and truly," said Samuel; and this time he kept his word.

THREE BLACK CROWS.

BY A. W. S.

PERHAPS it will be best for you to learn by experience that a good home is hard to find."

As she spoke, the poor old mother shook her head sadly.

The young crows, however, looking only on the bright side of things, flapped their wings joyfully, gave the required promise, and, having embraced their mother, flew quickly away from the old nest in the [illegible]

They flew together for some distance, and at last reached a big stone in the middle of a field.

Although the whole field was covered with snow, the top of this stone was dry, and the three crows sat on it to rest.

For some time they sat in solemn silence, thinking hard; but at last the first crow, who was called Croaker, on account of his fine voice, broke the silence.

"Brothers," said he, "we are wasting time. We have the whole world before us; let us not stay longer on this stone. I am eager for adventure."

"So am I," said the second, whose name was Smut.

The third crow shook his head.

"I shall stay here," he said slowly. "Did you not hear mother say that the world is a dangerous place?"

The two brothers laughed. Then they flapped their wings and flew away. But the third crow did not follow them.

* * * * * *

The evening of the third day found the mother crow anxiously awaiting the return of her family.

At last, far in the distance, she caught sight of something flying towards her. Then, as the something came nearer and nearer, she cawed joyfully, for she recognized Smut's beautiful black feathers.

He was tired and out of breath, but directly he reached the nest he managed to gasp out—

"Croaker! Gone!"

The mother shuddered.

"Croaker—gone; where has he gone?" she asked.

Smut gasped again, and at last managed to find enough breath to tell his story.

"Mother, it is a dangerous world," he said. When we left you, we flew together for some distance, then Croaker and I left Sloe, and flew away from him. Towards evening on the second day we reached an old house, and decided to spend the night on one of the chimneys. It was warm and comfortable, only rather narrow. Before we went to sleep we talked a great deal about what we were going to do in the world, and somehow we managed to disagree and quarrel."

"Oh, dear, oh dear!" said the mother. "Tell me the worst quickly."

"In our quarrel I pushed Croaker, and ——"

"What!" said the mother.

"He fell, mother," said Smut. "Poor Croaker fell right down the chimney—right inside. I am afraid he must be killed; for though I called him and waited about all night, I could not hear or see anything of him."

The poor mother gave a wild "caw!"

Just then there was an answering "caw," and Master Sloe came flying up to the [illegible]

He was very full of his adventures, and began talking very quickly, never noticing that his mother was in trouble, and kept trying to stop him.

"Mother, I've been the wisest crow. I stayed on one stone all the time, and thought I should be safe there. But last night I heard a gun fired, and that frightened me; and then early this morning I heard something calling for help, but of course I didn't——"

At last the mother found her voice.

"Where did you hear something calling for help?" she asked eagerly. "Was it a crow? Oh, Smut! could it have been ——?" Then she stopped.

"Yes, I think it was a crow calling. It was not far from the big stone. I thought it was a ghost, and I was frightened. Do you know, I thought it sounded rather like poor Croaker's voice."

The mother did not wait to hear any more.

She flew quickly out of the nest, and away across the fields to the big stone. Smut and Sloe followed behind, and on the way Smut explained what had happened to Croaker.

Once more three crows sat on the big stone, but this time it was the mother and two of her children, and they were no longer a hopeful, but a sad and sorrowing party.

Three times they called loudly—

"Croaker! Croaker! Croaker!"

Then they stood and listened. Was it an echo, or was it an answer? Surely not an echo. No echo would make the mother start, and no echo would sound so close; no echo could come from beneath the big [illegible]

No, it was not an echo that answered them; it was a poor miserable crow—a crow bedraggled, wet, sooty, dirty, bruised and broken-winged! Smut and Sloe stared; they scarcely recognized their brother; but their mother knew him. No amount of wet or soot or dirt could keep her from embracing her lost child.

They carried him home in triumph, and then, when he was once more comfortably settled in the nest, he told them his story.

How he had tumbled down, down, down the dark chimney, and thought he would never get to the bottom. How, when he did stop falling, he found himself in a small narrow place, unable to move. How he had scratched and cawed, and made as much noise as he could for many hours, until at dawn he had heard a scream, and then something was moved, and a big hand picked him up. Then he was so frightened that he remembered nothing more until he found himself in the open air with a broken wing. Somehow, he did not know how, he had struggled to the stone, calling now and again for help, in the hope that someone might hear him.

"Well," said Sloe, when Croaker had finished his story, "I was the wisest crow, after all. Wasn't it a good thing I stayed on that stone instead of going on with you?"

"And flew away when someone called for help," added Smut.

"My children," said the mother, "this is no time for quarrelling. Let us be thankful your brother is alive, and safely home again. Do you want another three days' adventure in the world without your mother to guide you, or have you learnt by experience that a good home is hard to find?"

The three young crows said nothing in answer to their mother; but they thought a good deal.

LIGHTHOUSE LAMPS.

FIRE and light have always been invested with celestial attributes, and lamp festivals have been common to all nations.

Various expedients have been used for chasing away darkness—torches, flambeaux, links, lamps and candles being among the number. Flambeaux and links have disappeared; the torch still lingers among the Lapps, to lighten the gloom of arctic winters; while no small ingenuity has been expended in bringing lamps and candles, suitable for domestic purposes, to their present state of development.

From the earliest times, fire has been used as a signal or as a sign of rejoicing; but at what period it was brought into play, on the low shores of Egypt, as a guide to the sailor, is unknown. From the pitch-pot hung on a pole, or the fire blazing in a chauffer, to the electric arc lamp with its power of twelve thousand candles, is a long step; and this represents the efforts of lighthouse engineers for two thousand years to devise the best light to guide the mariner during the darkness of the night to the haven where he would be.

Now, what are some of the steps through which lighthouse illumination has passed to bring it to its present state of perfection? As is well known, the earliest lighthouses showed the uncertain light given by burning billets of wood or coal in an open grate; and such lighthouses existed in some places until 1816.

These lights continually varied in appearance, now shooting up in flame, or giving out dense volumes of smoke, according to the ever changing moods of the weather; and often, in the sailor's greatest need, the flames were blown away from him, the fire often kindling only on the leeward side.

The huge bonfires required three men to attend them, and were not only expensive to maintain—some of them consuming four hundred tons of coal yearly—but were liable to be mistaken for lights on shore, wrecks happening in consequence.

The first improvement was made when the fire was partially enclosed, a glazed frame being placed in front; but this gave rise to the use of bellows to keep the bonfire ablaze, the attendants being exposed to all changes of the weather.

Lamps were long used for domestic purposes before they found their way into coast illumination. The best domestic lamps, however, had torch-like wicks made of a skein of cotton; and if they did not give much light, evolved plenty of smoke; it being the duty of a slave in olden days to go round the rooms in the morning to wipe off soot left on pictures and statues.

Oil was used for lighthouse purposes at the end of the sixteenth century; but liquid fuel often gave way to candles of tallow or wax, and this led to their use in coast illumination.

The feeble glimmer of these candle-illuminated lighthouses could only be of use to vessels creeping along the coast, and would ill meet the requirements of modern steam-navigation, when passages need to be made with almost the regularity of train service on land.

Almost every kind of oil has been used as fuel in lighthouse lamps. Ordinary whale-oil was burned in lamps having wicks made of a hank of cotton, such as were common until the days of paraffin in the poorest fisherman's cottage.

Sperm-oil began to be used about the end of last century, and was continued till about forty years ago, when it was supplemented by colza.

Olive oil is still the fuel in many lighthouses; but it does not give good results in burners having concentric (one within the other) wicks. In Indian lights, cocoa-nut oil is used for all orders of lamps with satisfactory results. So far as most lighthouses are concerned, paraffin has supplanted all other oils.

Many are the modifications which have been gradually introduced in lighthouse burners, from the tin lamp with two or more spouts, each with a skein of cotton, to the large concentric-wick lamps having from three to eight wicks. This led to the use of perfectly formed reflectors of silvered copper in lighthouses; and they still exist in some of the best coast-lights, the only difference being, that with paraffin the initial power has been raised from twelve to twenty-three candles; and as each reflector sends forth a sheaf of rays equal to three hundred and fifty times the unassisted flame, when there are, as in some towers, twenty-four reflectors, the resulting beam is one of great power.

Gas was used for lighthouses about seventy years ago; and for harbor lights it has been very largely employed with satisfactory results.

A very useful application of gas for beacons and buoys is compressed mineral oil-gas. This gas is made from crude paraffin, and is pressed into holders at a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch, and taken to charge the buoys. The light on the buoys burns continuously day and night till the gas is exhausted; and its burning is controlled by an automatic regulator, and the flame is protected by a lantern.

The most intense light yet used for lighthouses is the electric arc lamp. The beam of light shown to the mariners from one point is equal to about three million candles, or three hundred times more intense than that of the old oil light.

For all the purposes of the sailor, the intense beams shown from first-order lighthouses are probably sufficient, as even the electric light is quenched during dense fog, and it becomes a question when light must give way to sound.

Although it has been proved beyond question that the electric light has the greatest penetrative power in fog, no light which man is likely to devise will be able to pierce very dense fog, as the sun itself then ceases to be visible. Sound-signals are gradually being introduced at salient points of the coast, and the difficulty in extending them is mainly one of finance.

HOW HAIR CLOTH IS MADE.—Many people understand, of course, how hair-cloth is made, but for the edification of those who do not, we will explain the process. In the first place, horse hair can not be dyed. It repels coloring matter; so to make black cloth it is necessary to secure natural black hair. The horses, in many cases absolutely wild, running unrestrained, are regularly corralled and shorn. Of course, black hair is preferable, but sometimes gray stock is utilized. Not only the tails, but also the manes are cut; the hair is bunched. These bunches seldom contain hairs of less length than two feet; some are even three and three and a half feet, and the thickness of the bunches is usually two or three inches. The hair-cloth looms are provided with what we may call a nipper, in place of shuttle, and the nipper is so finely actuated that it travels across the warp and sets it from the bunches one hair only, the jaws of the nipper being too fine to grasp more than one, and carries it across the weft thread, dropping it in its exact place. The action of the loom mechanically forces the hair next to its predecessor, the warp crosses upon it, snugly holds it in its place, the nipper travels back and seizes another, and so on and on. The delicacy and almost human accuracy with which each separate hair is placed between the warp threads is really incredible.

IN FANCY.

BY MORLEY.

Sometimes in waking dreams my footsteps go
By pleasant pathways through the Long-ago,
  Where walked on either side me Youth and Hope.
There still leaves rustle and blue waters flow;
Stand still the purple fields beyond the bay
About whose folded feet the old town lay;
  Still the shy eyes of blushing daisies ope
When on their dun flanks falls the sun's first ray.

Light breath of Summer breezes comes and goes;
The gray great arch is flecked of gold and rose;
  Now the hills' brows have ta'en their glory-crown
And the day broadens and the brightness grows.
How the light ripples on the river's breast!
How doth it flicker in a glad unrest
  Where doubles of the laughing leaves drop down
In showered shadows setting to the West!

In the old orchard at the close of day
Comes a cool wind and blows long grass to gray,
  And the gnarled branches stretching overhead
Show stars for flowers on each darkling spray;
And a broad moon floats upward silently—
A silver shallop on a purple sea,
  Tracking the way the charmed footsteps tread
Where the far-shining meads of Mem'ry be!

IN GUARDED LANGUAGE.

"I told her she was the most ignorant person I ever met," said a late clergyman of a young lady who had asked his advice about writing a book; "but of course without hurting her feelings."

This, surely, is the acme of guarded language, and a great many of us would be willing to sacrifice much if we could only attain to such a superlative degree of perfection in the art of saying unpleasant things without being unpleasant.

Few persons, however, can do this; and they have therefore, either to avoid matters likely to give offence, or to use rather ambiguous language.

Everybody knows that religion is a dangerous topic. Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian Premier, once astonished his friends by defending the orthodox side of certain points of theology.

Finally one of them asked:

"Sir John, what are you—heterodox or orthodox?" to which the statesman replied: "Put me down paradox!"—a reply at once clever and witty.

The answer to a somewhat similar question, that "All wise men are of the same religion," is attributed to several eminent men.

Mr. Froude, in his "Short Studies," gives the following version of the anecdote, without, however, quoting his authority. "Of what religion are you, Mr. Rogers?" said a lady once.

"What religion, madam? I am of the religion of all sensible men."

"What is that?" she asked.

"All sensible men, madam, keep that to themselves."

Somewhat similar is an anecdote told of the Earl of Shaftesbury. A lady called upon the Earl one day, and at last the conversation turned into a dispute upon subjects of religion.

After a good deal of that sort of talk, the note proceeds, the Earl said at last:

"People differ in their discourse and profession about these matters, but men of sense are really but of one religion."

Upon which the lady says of a sudden:

"Pray, my lord, what religion is that which men of sense agree in?"

"Madam," says the Earl, "men of sense never tell it?"

Literary criticism upon books privately presented with the compliments of the author, and with the request for an opinion upon the book, is proverbially a difficult task.

Sometimes, however, the matter cannot be altogether shirked, and if the book under criticism be really bad, it requires some tact to avoid saying so outright.

Max O'Rell gives an instance how one gentleman overcame the difficulty.

A certain author had sent his latest production to several men of letters, requesting them to give him their opinions of his book. A Scotchman replied:

"Many thanks for the book which you did me the honor to send me. I will lose no time in reading it."

This reply acknowledged the letter and the book, without expressing any opinion as to the merits of the latter.

The habit of authors importuning literary men for advice has been the means of originating many famous guarded answers, the most important of which was that given by Sir Thomas More.

An author having asked his opinion of a book, Sir Thomas told him to turn it into rhyme. He did so and submitted it again to the Lord Chancellor.

"Ay, ay!" said the great satirist, "that will do, that will do. 'Tis rhyme now; but before it was neither rhyme nor reason."

Johnson's answer on a like occasion was deliciously vague. When the great talking philosopher had done reading a translation of some work, the author, says Boswell, asked him bluntly "if, upon the whole, it was a good translation."

Johnson, whose regard for truth was uncommonly strict, seemed to be puzzled for a moment what answer to make. As he certainly could not honestly commend the performance, with exquisite address he evaded the question thus:

"Sir, I do not say that it may not be made a very good translation."

During the last half-century there has been a great increase in the use of guarded language. The present generation deals largely in euphemism and periphrasis.

In Congress the members are perhaps indirectly allowed to use any euphemism they like for liar, but they must not use the good old Saxon word.

In literature, too, there has been a great toning down of phrases. We have no "slashing" reviews nowadays. "Drivelling nonsense," "murderous attacks on his own literary reputation," "than the volumes now before us we never saw anything better calculated to excite disgust and anger in a lover of poetry," "insufferable stuff," "inanities"—these are a few literary gems culled at random from reviews directed against the author of former days.

What language was employed with regard to the productions of the smaller fry it is difficult to imagine. All this kind of criticism is however, now dispensed with; and the present mild system of reviewing is much more satisfactory, and, in the case of a bad book, accomplishes just as much as the abusive language of a past generation.

"Who," asks Thackeray, "was the blundering idiot who said that 'fine words butter no parsnips?'

"Half the parsnips of society are served and rendered palatable with no other sauce."

And as these fine words are calculated, and this two-edged language is allowed for, there is no harm done, and not the slightest misunderstanding.

Even the beggars, according to a well known author, are becoming adepts in the use of delicate language. A man asked the narrator of the incident for alms.

"You have a violin there," he said, "but you do not play it

'Oh, sir," was the reply, "give me a penny, and don't make me play. I assure you, you won't regret it!"

Clearly, it was impossible to resist an appeal of this sort.

Grains of Gold.

Wishes at least are the easy pleasures of the poor.

The only disadvantage of an honest heart is credulity.

You believe that easily which you hope for earnestly.

When there is room in the heart there is room in the house.

If you should escape the censure of others, hope not to escape your own.

It is right to be contented with what we have, but never with what we are.

Without content, we shall find it almost as difficult to please others as ourselves.

The covetous man pines in plenty, like Tantalus up to the chin in water, and yet thirsty.

Violent zeal for truth has a hundred to one odds to be either petulancy, ambition or pride.

In matters of conscience first thoughts are best; in matters of prudence last thoughts are best.

The denial of man's immortality involves a violation of the general normal human consciousness.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

A child that stayeth at one stature, and never groweth bigger, is a monster. Unless we go forward, we slip back.

Difficulties are God's errands; and when we are sent upon them we should esteem it a proof of God's confidence,—as a compliment from God.

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of them are; and, however slight they may be, you had better make some—not too painful, but patient—efforts to get quit of them.

Femininities.

Belles call a large number of people to church.

There are different ways of showing wrath; the tea-kettle sings sweetest when it is hottest.

To remove coffee stains, put thick glycerine on the wrong side of the article and wash out in lukewarm water.

The public wishes itself to be managed like a woman; one must say nothing to it except what it likes to hear.

The muddy taste of fresh-water fish of some kinds is overcome by soaking in cold water and salt for two or three hours before cooking.

Princess Christian and Princess Louise, it is said, delight to drive about London in hansom cabs, greatly to the disgust of their royal mother.

We sometimes find a poor person claiming relationship with a rich one of the same name, but never a rich one claiming relationship with a poor one.

Never have a dark carpet and walls in a room that is deficient in light. Only apartments open to the outer light will stand gloomy tones in decoration.

Have two or three small knives for paring vegetables, apples, etc., and they will be found much easier to use than the medium size, and do the work better.

Young housekeeper: "I wish to buy a shad, if you please." Fish dealer: "Yes'm." Y. H.: "And please take the bones out of it, for I want to stuff it."

The newest thing in London household economy is a female butler—a maiden dressed in a livery of blue, green, gold, or scarlet, as taste may prefer. The effect alleged is "more quiet and equal style."

Bishop Gullem: "Miss Spring, I hear you are an earnest student of the Bible. What, in your opinion, is the most interesting line of Holy Writ?" Miss Spring, promptly: "Behold the bridegroom cometh!"

If the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit. So if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible and old age miserable.

"Eli," asked Mrs. Tompkins, "can you tell me what every woman wants and no man ever owns?" Instead of dutifully giving it up, and giving her a chance to say "a husband," the wretch merely answered, "The earth."

Born like the Redeemer on Christmas day, died like Him on Good Friday, and buried on Easter Sunday, is the remarkable story of the life and death of a handsome and bright young woman in Cincinnati—Miss Louise Schrage.

Just after the sexton of the Neshaminy Cemetery had dug a grave for Miss Margaret Long, of Hartsville, who died lately, a large monument, which she had erected to the family's memory, fell over in the grave, filling it with tons of earth and marble.

Miss Boodle, to Mr. Wabash, who has recently returned from abroad: "I suppose you were at court while in London, Mr. Wabash?" Mr. Wabash, uneasily: "Well—er—yes, Miss Boodle; but only once, and then I got off with a merely nominal fine."

Miss Susanna M. Dunklee, of Newton, Mass., the first woman to be bank treasurer in the United States, with the help of a clerk now handles about $500,000 in money each year. In the 15 years of her experience she has but twice taken in a counterfeit bill—in each case a $10 one.

Spain flourishes under the firm and prudent rule of a queen regent. The Netherlands will soon pass under the regency of Queen Emma, and Queen Natalie may soon be virtually regent of Servia. England prospers under the reign of Queen Victoria. Thus a large proportion of the sovereigns of Europe will soon be queens.

A boa constrictor in the Cincinnati Zoo escaped on a recent Sunday while being transferred from one cage to another, and caused quite a sensation, besides giving an attendant who attempted to catch it a squeeze that he is not likely to forget for some time. The reptile was eventually safely landed in its new quarters, but not until it had been lassoed.

A Scranton teacher started for home hugging a small alarm clock, unconscious that a pupil had set it to go off. She was chatting with a friend on a crowded street when the alarm went whizz! She tried to smother it in vain, and people gathered and eyed her scarlet face as if they thought something was wrong with her internally until the weird buzzing stopped and she managed to slip away.

A lady belonging to the highest rank of the Austrian aristocracy, Countess Orsey, has just come out as the manageress of a circus. With part of a legacy, amounting to half a million of florins, she has established an immense circus, which is said to equal, if not surpass, that of Renz, and is now making a tour through Austria and Hungary. She intends giving performances in Paris during the Exhibition.

"Is it proper to speak of Mrs. Harrison as the first lady of the land?" That depends. If our correspondent has a wife, she should be the first lady of the land to him. If he has no wife, his mother should be the first lady; and if he has no mother, either, then his oldest sister. If he is an unmarried orphan, without sisters, he may be right in looking to the wife of the President as the first lady of the land, but any day he may meet some other lady who will change his opinion and her name.

James Hannon rushed into the Hoboken police station, early on a recent morning, and said that his wife had poisoned herself and was dying. A physician who was sent to the house, suspecting on seeing the woman that she was feigning, said solemnly that a stomach pump would be useless in such a serious case, and that he would have to cut her open. The woman screamed with terror, and confessed that she had only taken toothpowder and water to frighten her husband, who had neglected her.

Masculinities.

The man who is sure of what he says gives assurance to those who hear him.

As a rule, a single man is rarely discovered leading a double life. So much for bachelorhood.

Learn the brick mason's trade if you wish an occupation in which you can lay up something.

The Scriptures say one cannot serve God and mammon, but lots of people try hard nevertheless.

Next to waiting for a verdict the most soul-harrowing employment is keeping the baby asleep.

It makes a difference about a man's value whether you take him at his own estimation or that of his wife.

Our own faces seen suddenly will sometimes tell us things concerning ourselves that we did not suspect before.

He who remembers the benefits of his parents is too much occupied with his recollections to remember their faults.

We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress drains our cellar dry, and keeps our larder lean.

"Bromley, I hear you are going to housekeeping?" "Yes, Darlingger." "What have you got toward it?" "A wife."

Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain.

The self-closing door spring is an awful aggravation to the man who is going out of your office mad and wants to slam the door.

"What are you going to do about that dreadful black-and-blue swelling under your eye?" "Well, I am going to try to live it down."

Even legal punishments lose all appearance of justice when too strictly inflicted on men compelled by the last extremity of distress to incur them.

Cicero has said of men: "They are like wines; age sours the bad and betters the good." We can say that misfortune has the same effect upon men.

City milk inspector, taking his holiday at a farmhouse: "Ah! That's a fine drink. Glorious! What is it made of, madam?" Farmer's wife: "That's milk."

Cheerfulness is the daughter of employment, and I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral merely because he has had the management of it.

A gallant Wisconsin swain, whose horse broke away from the sleigh in which he and his inamorata were riding, jumped out and dragged home the sleigh and damsel a distance of seven miles.

By order of her Imperial brother, William II., of Germany, Princess Sophie's trousseau is to be made wholly in Germany, of German material and after German models. So it is reported, at least.

Nothing shows one who his friends are like prosperity and ripe fruit. I had a good friend in the country once whom I almost never visited except at cherry time. By your fruits you shall know them.

It is observed at sea that men are never so much disposed to grumble and mutiny as when least employed. Hence an old captain, when there was nothing else to do, would issue the order to "scour the anchor."

One head of a public school said he could always tell when a boy commenced to use tobacco by the record of his recitations. Professor Oliver, of the Annapolis Academy, said he could indicate the boy who used tobacco by his absolute inability to draw a clean straight line.

A messenger from the wrong locality. Sneak thief, who has just deciphered the name on the door-plate: "Ma'am, your husband, Mr. Branson, sent me for his overcoat."—Mrs. Branson: "Oh, he did, eh? Well, as he's been dead ten years, I had thought he'd send for his linen duster."

A Polish man was arrested at Mahanoy City, Pa., for being drunk and disorderly, and was fined $5. He had no money to pay his fine, and finally his wife settled matters by leaving her 2-year-old baby with the 'Squire as security until the husband worked and earned the cash to free himself.

Pupil: "Teacher, kin me an' Bill go an' git a pail o' water?" Arkansas schoolmaster: "There you go again. How many times have I got to tell you that it ain't good grammar to say 'me an' Bill'?" Pupil: "What ort I to say?" Teacher: "Bill an' me. Can't I never learn you nothin'?"

Figures don't lie. Flap: "I'm in love, and the only disagreeable thing about it is that the girl is older than I." Jack: "How old are you now?" "I'm eighteen." "And the lady is what?" "Twenty-two." "Well, make your mind easy. By the time you are twenty-one she'll be only twenty."

A curious coincidence. Fenderson, who is struck with an idea: "Bah Jove, Minnie, but isn't it dooced odd, don't you know, that the first President should have had the same name as the capital of the United States. And quite appropriate, too, when a fellah comes to think of it, don't yer know."

A countryman at Columbia asked the price of a railway ticket to Mechanical, and being told 20 cents, replied to the agent, "I'll give you 15." The offer being refused, he set out to walk. He had not gone far when an engine whistled behind him. Turning about he shook his fist at the engine, exclaiming: "You needn't whistle for me; I made you an offer once!" and then jogged on.

An Oxford county parson tells us this: A young Methodist minister had made application to the conference for a license. He was highly recommended by the Presiding Elder, whom the Bishop asked about the applicant's preaching abilities. "Have you ever heard him?" asked the Bishop. "No, sir," replied the Presiding Elder; "I have never heard him, but he has heard me twice and he stood it like a hero." The license was promptly granted.

Recent Book Issues.

"An Object in Life, and How to Attain It," by F. L. Schmidt, Jr., is a good little book that none would be the worse for reading. Published by Fowler & Wells, New York. For sale by Lippincott.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The June number of the *Quiver* is full of good things. Among the articles are "Sunday Under the Shadow of Heligoland," illustrated; the beginning of an entertaining story, "Dorothy's Vocation;" "Thoughts Upon the Seven Last Words of Our Lord Upon the Cross," by Rt. Rev. Alexander; third instalment of Prof. Blakie's "A New Book of Martyrs;" "The New Wedding Ring," "A Sunday School Sixty Years Ago," "Some Little Known Bibles," "God, Nature and Experience," by Rev. A. Boyd Carpenter; a pretty story called "The Vicar's Daughter;" an instalment of "Miss Hillary's Suitors," "The First Question in the Upper Room," an interesting interview with the Rev. Newman Hall, poetry, "Short Arrows," etc. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The pretty frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for June is the study of a head done in photogravure from one of Sir Frederick Leighton's portraits. It forms one of the illustrations accompanying the first of a series of papers on the Royal Academy. The opening article is on the popular painter, Hermann Corrodi. The Jubilee present of the Prince and Princess of Wales to the Queen, was one of Corrodi's pictures which is here reproduced. The papers on the Barbizon School are continued, with N. V. Diaz still as their subject. There is an illustrated article on "Studies in English Costume;" by Richard Heath: a poem by Cosmo Monkhouse with illustrations by Arthur Lemon, printed in tint; "The Early Days of the Renaissance in Italy," with illustrations; "Old Arts and Modern Thoughts," and the Art Notes, containing the latest information of what is doing in the art world. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

How a Robber was Caught.—There was a young woman left in charge of a house during the absence of her master and mistress in the country. One night on her going to bed she took a good look in the looking-glass and said to herself, smiling complacently—

"How handsome I look in this cap!"

When she rose in the morning she found the house robbed. She was taken into custody on suspicion of being concerned in the robbery; but on being tried was acquitted.

Some time afterwards, as she was walking in company with another servant girl, a man in passing said softly to her—

"How handsome I look in this cap!"

This expression forcibly struck her mind, and she at once concluded that he must be the man who had robbed the house. She seized hold of him with the utmost courage and assisted by her companion held him fast till he was taken charge of by the police. The man confessed that he was, indeed, the robber, and that he had heard her use the expression when he was hiding under the bed previous to his robbing the house. Robbing was a hanging matter in those days, and the man subsequently paid the penalty of his misdeeds on the scaffold.

The Latest Development.—Automatic weighing machines, and strength testing machines, and dispensers of chocolate cakes, vials of perfumes, and other wares have become a familiar sight in many lands during the past few years.

A new development of the idea has been introduced by a French society, and has already found favor in the waiting rooms, gardens, and theatres of Paris. It is called the "Electric Magic Lantern," and serves something of the purpose of an illustrated daily paper.

It is in the form of a highly ornamental box or pillar seven feet tall, bearing a conspicuous invitation to "Give ten centimes to see." The person accepting the invitation looks in a five-inch lens in the front of the apparatus, drops his coin in the slot, and soon pass upward a series of seven drawings illustrative of current events, each picture pausing for a few seconds to give time for a good view of it.

An electric lamp illuminates the pictures and the entire mechanism is operated by electricity. The drawings are changed daily, the list of representations being neatly placarded on the outside.

"Charlotte, my dear, how is it I find you weeping?" Have you bad news from your husband?"

"Oh! worse than that! My Arthur writes me from Carlbad that he would die with ardent longing for me were it not that he could gaze affectionately at my picture and cover it with a thousand kisses every day."

"That is really very nice of him; and pray is it that you are crying for? I would give anything to have such a poetic and tenderly loving husband as you have!"

"Ah! yes, my husband is very poetical, but let me tell you that, just to try him, I slipped my mother's photo into his travelling bag instead of my own before he started."

Whenever the Lungs or the Throat are affected, I recommend Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. I had suffered for sometime from spitting of Blood and great Soreness of the Lungs, but after using three bottles of the Expectorant found myself entirely cured.—Mr. Joseph Lusk, Victoria, Tenn.

MARRIAGE AND HEALTH.

A French scientist lately having to draw up a paper for the Academy of Medicine of Paris on the influence of marriage on mortality, consulted the registers of the only three countries in Europe which were carefully enough kept to give him a reply to his question, those of France, Belgium and Holland, and shows that if the male sex be first considered, we find that from 25 to 30 of 1,000 married men furnish 6 deaths; 1 000 unmarried, 10 deaths; and 1,000 widowers, 22 deaths.

From 30 to 35, of 1 000 married men, 7 die; of 1,000 unmarried men, 11 die; and of 1 000 widowers, 19 die. From 35 to 40, of 1 000 married men, 7 die; of 1,000 bachelors, 13 die; and of 1,000 widowers 47 die; and so on at all the following ages, the married man continues to live with greater facility than the bachelor. It has been said that since the most fortunate men can afford to marry, it is not astonishing that these persons should live longer.

But this will not, of course, account for the very great mortality of widowers at all ages, which, indeed surpasses that even of bachelors.

However, it must be noticed that 8,000 young men marry in France yearly, under the age of 20.

This is very fatal to such young men, for this investigator finds that, whilst 1 000 young men from 15 to 20 furnishes 7 deaths, when unmarried, no less than fifty deaths occur among 1,000 young married men under 20.

Hence parmature marriage is the surest way to old age.

Women seem to reap less advantage from marriage than men, and there is but little difference in the mortality of unmarried and married women before the age of 25. It is but little marked even between 25 and 30. From 30 to 35, out of 1,000 spinsters, 11 die; and of 1,000 wives 9 die. This difference augments up till 55 years of age. Thus from 50 to 55 years of age, 1,000 wives have 15 to 16 deaths a year, whilst 1,000 spinsters or widows have 26 to 27 deaths.

This advantage rests very marked beyond this age, although it diminishes a little; but before 25 years of age in France, and before 20 in Paris, marriage, far from being favorable to the life of women, is injurious to it. The mortality of maidens from 15 to 20 is 7 53 per 1 000; of wives of the same age, is 11.86 per 1,000; and the mortality of married women from 20 to 25 being 9 92 per 1 000, the mortality of maids of the same age is 8 32.

With respect to widowhood, from 25 to 30; widowhood is injurious to health; and whilst 1,000 wives and maids of this age furnish 9 deaths a year, 1,000 widows have 17 deaths.

But in France, and especially at Paris, this mortality quickly diminishes, and at 45, the death-rate of widows is lower than that of spinsters at the same age. And at this age women who have had children are least attacked by death. "Thus marriage in women retards old age, and soothes its sufferings."

The conclusion of these statistics is that marriage is an element of health much more powerful than has been supposed, that it exercises its salutary influences especially on the male in the age of vigor, and on the female in her declining years. A calculus of probabilities shows that the man who marries between 20 and 25 has 40 years to live in place of 35, and that the young woman who marries between 20 and 25 has 40 in place of 36.

Criminality, suicide, and insanity are far less common among the married than the single.

Weighing Diamonds.—The appraising of diamonds by the Government officials is one of the most delicate of all the tasks they are ever called upon to perform. It is done in absolute quiet, the scales being so delicate that even the vibration of the human voice would stir them, and an eyelash accidentally dropped on one of them would send one side or the other flying up.

Every gem is examined with most absolute precision, powerful magnifying glasses being used to detect any flaws. This has to be done, and most particularly with the larger stones, for flaws invisible to the naked eye, but which, according to their location, seriously affect the value of any of them, are discovered by the magnifying glass.

This tries the eyes severely, the many different colors of the stone dancing continuously before the eyes.

From the judgment of this government expert no appeal is possible, and so well is this understood that there is seldom a false invoice made on the stones sent into this country.

Millions of dollars worth of stones are annually imported by us. They come in small wooden boxes about six inches long and three inches wide and deep. An air of mystery and secrecy pravades the appraising room when these are opened, the experts being shut in behind carefully closed and guarded doors.

The Police of Dunkirk, France, arrested two grocers on the charge of having for several months sold large quantities of dried leaves under the name of tea. Both the tradesmen were able to show that they had been supplied by a wholesale firm in Paris. Samples were accordingly bought from the firm and sent to a chemist. His report indicates that the leaves submitted to him are not tea leaves. They are of a brownish color, but this is hidden under a thin coating of a bluish-green substance, which easily rubs off. Their appearance was exactly that of gunpowder tea.

The "Trumpet" Trick.—The "Trumpet" is described as the latest device of some Paris quacks who have been endeavoring to reap golden harvests by swindling the deaf.

One of these rascals has been run to earth, and his instruments as well as his prescriptions and general system of operations have been brought to light. It appears the fellow and his co-workers were in the habit of selecting rich patients, to whom they promised complete cures.

They first projected the electric light into the ear of an ill-fated victim; then they stupefied him by poking at his tympanum with a peculiar apparatus, and finally the swindling part of the performance began.

The head charlatan murmured in the ear of the deaf man through a trumpet:

"Do you hear me?"

It was not intended that the patient should hear the first time, nor even the second or third, but after additional insertions of instruments the trumpet was applied again, and the quack asked his question in a voice of thunder, and was answered by the patient.

The victim was then told that he had some medicine to take and some injections to make into his auricular organs, whereupon, highly delighted, he paid his fee and bought not only the nostrums but a patent and omnipotent ear trumpet as well. The victims were not only defrauded, but made more deaf than ever.

Flapping of a Fly's Wing.—The slow flapping of a butterfly's wing produces no sound, but when the movements are rapid a noise is produced which increases in shrillness with the number of vibrations. Thus the house-fly, which produces the sound F, vibrates its wings 21,120 times a minute, or 335 times in a second; and the bee, which makes a sound of A, as many as 26,400 times, or 440 times in a second. On the contrary, a tired bee hums on E, and, therefore, according to theory, vibrates its wings only 330 times in a second. Marey has succeeded in confirming these numbers graphically. He fixed a fly so that the tip of the wing just touched a cylinder, which was moved by clockwork. Each stroke of the wing caused a mark, of course very slight, but still quite perceptible, and he thus showed that there was actually 330 strokes in a second, agreeing almost exactly with the number inferred from the note produced.

The Snake Season.—The snake story season has opened and Alabama sends along a contribution. It's about a whisky-loving reptile. It infested the country around Hamilton, in Marion county, and last week crawled into a small grocery and tavern and, going behind the counter, in the presence of the proprietor and a few others, coiled itself around a jug and began to drink off the strong contents.

After taking several long draughts, his snakeship dropped to the floor and attempted to make off, but it was too inebriated to do so, and remained in a stupor in the place for several hours.

The next day the reptile returned and, removing the cork from the jar, again began to satisfy its appetite for rum. The intruder was not molested until after it had drank its fill—a quart—when the proprietor killed it.

A New Lightning-rod Swindle.—Farmers along the Hudson are being victimized by a new style of lightning rod swindle. The agent induces the farmer to let him put rods on his house, agreeing, on account of the prominence of the farmer or the beauty of his farmhouse, to make him a present of nearly the entire outfit. The contract is signed, rods put up without insulators, and the farmer invited to go on the roof to test the conducting qualities. A battery is applied from the ground, and the countryman is thoroughly satisfied with the shock he receives. Then comes the request to settle. The rods are all right as to price, but points to attract the lightning cost $10 each, and the farmer, who had not read the contract through before, learns that he is bound to pay from $80 to $120 for a set of worthless lightning rods.

True Gratitude.—A New York lawyer, who procured the acquittal of a man who was under arrest for assault and battery, was waited upon the next day by his client, and most gratefully thanked for his services.

"What can I do for you?" asked the client.

"Nothing," replied the lawyer.

"Don't you want an office? I can control any number of votes."

"I have no political aspirations," replied the lawyer.

"But ain't there some man you want to have licked?" rejoined the client.

The poor lawyer has not yet recovered from this overpowering exhibition of gratitude.

The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, indiscretions and imprudences, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh; the avoidance of such little things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life.

Few persons live to-day, but are preparing to do so to-morrow.

"Bright's disease has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Roberts, of the University of New York City. Additional proof why Warner's Safe Cure cures so many disorders which are only symptoms of kidney disease.

THE ONLY TRUE R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

The most certain and safe Pain Remedy in the world that instantly stops the most excruciating pains. It is truly the great

CONQUERER OF PAIN

and has done more good than any known remedy.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications rubbed on by the hand act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

For COLDS, BRONCHITIS, PNEUMONIA, CONGESTIONS, INFLAMMATIONS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, PAINS IN THE SMALL OF BACK, etc., more extended, longer continued and repeated applications are necessary to effect a cure.

ALL INTERNAL PAINS, PAINS IN BOWELS or STOMACH, CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, NAUSEA, VOMITING, HEARTBURN, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHOEA, COLIC, FLATULENCY, FAINTING SPELLS are relieved instantly and quickly cured by taking internally a half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in half a tumbler of water.

WITH RADWAY'S PILLS THERE IS NO BETTER CURE OR PREVENTIVE OF FEVER AND AGUE.

Price 50c per bottle. Sold by druggists

RADWAY'S Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

FOR THE CURE OF **SCROFULA,**

And Other Constitutional Diseases.

Builds up the Broken Down Constitution, purifies the blood, restoring health and vigor.

Sold by druggists. $1.00 a bottle.

RADWAY'S PILLS

The Great Liver and Stomach Remedy.

STOMACH, LIVER, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, BLADDER, NERVOUS DISEASES, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, COSTIVENESS, INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, FEVER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, PILES, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or Deleterious Drugs.

PERFECT DIGESTION will be accomplished by taking RADWAY'S PILLS. By so doing

DYSPEPSIA,

SICK HEADACHE, FOUL STOMACH, BILIOUSNESS will be avoided, and the food that is eaten contribute its nourishing properties for the support of the natural waste of the body.

Price 25c per box. Sold by all druggists.

Send a letter stamp to DR. RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Warren Street, New York.

☞Information worth thousands will be sent to you.

TO THE PUBLIC.—Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

WANTED.

A hat for the head of a fountain,
A glove for the hand of fate,
A shoe for the foot of a mountain,
A link from the chain of debate.

A spoke from the wheel of fortune,
A chip from the "pole" of the South,
A drink from the fountain of knowledge,
A word from the river's mouth.

A drink from the cup of sorrow,
A look from the face of the storm,
A stroke from the arm of justice,
A ring for the finger of scorn.

A knock at the door of repentance,
A throb from the ocean's heart,
A glance from the eye of a needle,
From Cupid's bow a dart.

—U. N. NONE.

Called to order—The waiter.

Lays of Spring—Fresh eggs.

Gets it down fine—The grist mill.

No girl is afraid of an armed man.

The newest thing in the dog line—Puppies.

The man most looked up to—The man in the moon.

The hen may get the garden seed by a scratch, but she gets it all the same.

It is a wise child that goes out of the room to laugh when the old man mashes his thumb.

A Pullman porter is not necessarily dishonest because he is in the habit of going through the sleepers.

In a parade the other day was a kilted Highlander. He made us wonder how they strike matches in that country.

Whenever any one offers you something for nothing you may be reasonably sure that this style of philanthropy works both ways.

An Arch street man last week came very near getting his wife arrested by leaving $5 in counterfeit change in his vest pocket over night.

"We call the tiger," said a vegetarian philosopher, "a ferocious beast; but what would we men be called if, for instance, mutton chops could speak?"

Mrs. Muggins, reading: "Every man gets the wife that Heaven intends for him." Mr. Muggins, musingly: "It must be true then that men are punished in this world for their sins."

Mrs. Grimes: "Johnny has been fighting again. He came home with his coat ripped up the back and a black eye. If you can stop his fighting I wish you would do it, I can't." Mr. Grimes. "I'll make a prizefighter of that boy. If that doesn't stop him nothing will."

Omaha wife: "Here's my new photographs, husband. Don't you think they look just like me," Husband—"Yes, they resemble you strongly, but if the artist could have given them a more talkative expression about the mouth they would be complete. They are too statuesque, as the critics say."

Creditor, to collector: "Let me see, your bill is thirteen dollars?" "Yes." "And this is the thirteenth of the month?" "Yes." "And this, I believe, is just thirteen times that you have been here to collect it?" "Yes." "Well, then, please come again. I'm a little superstitious about that number thirteen, you know."

Mrs. Younghusband: "For mercy's sake, Charlie, what are you doing with your thumb in baby's mouth!" Charlie (complacently looking at the deluded infant sucking itself cross-eyed and red in the face)—"Weaning it, my dear." Mrs. Younghusband—"You horrid thing, that isn't the way to wean it." Charlie (plaintively)—"Well, didn't the nurse say it must be fed on pap!"

"Adolphus, d'ye know that I am a little vexed at Miss Simmons?" "What happened, Arthur, old boy?" "Well, you know I pride myself on my singing. We were at the piano. 'I'll sing one more song and then go home,' I said." "Was it late?" "About midnight." "And what did she say?" "She said, 'Can't you go home first?'" "And did you?" "Yes, Adolphus. I tell you I'm a little vexed about it."

Two gentlemen walking together came by a stately new building. "What a magnificent structure!" said one. "Yes," replied the other, "but I cannot bear to look at it, often as I pass it." "That is strange. Why not? "Because it reminds me that the owner built it out of the blood, the ashes and groans, of his fellowmen, out of the grief of crying children, the woe of wailing women." "Gracious! What is the owner? A moneylender or a pawnbroker, or something of the kind?" "Oh, no; he is a dentist!"

"I never was rebuffed in so pleasant a way as on my journey," said Jobiots, the commercial traveler, lately. "I was just about to enter an office when I saw a staircase with a sign, 'This way for commercial travelers.' I supposed the stairs led to the counting house, so I went up and found myself in a long hall, with walls where pointing boards directed the way. I passed through the hall and came to a staircase leading down as another board pointed. I descended, and opening the door at the lowest step I found I was—in the street again.

An Albany woman was telling a Binghamton woman, who was visiting in this city, of the rapidity with which rents were shooting skyward in Albany. The Binghamton woman, after listening a while, began to tell of the Binghamton rents. Then her small son interrupted her, just as she had finished telling what she paid per month in Binghamton, by remarking: "Why, that wasn't for a month; that was for a day." Both the women laughed at the boy's idea, but the little fellow kept right on and paralyzed his mother by adding. "It must have been for a day, any way, because the man used to come every day for the rent!" Report sayeth that the Binghamton woman collapsed.

THE HAIR.—The quality and color of the hair was a subject of speculative theory for the ancients. Lank hair was considered indicative of pusillanimity and cowardice; yet the head of Napoleon was guiltless of a curl!

Frizzly hair was thought an indication of coarseness and clumsiness. The hair most in esteem was that terminating in ringlets. Historians state that Achilles and Ajax Telamon had curling locks; such also was the hair of Timon, the Athenian. As to the Emperor Augustus, nature had favored him with such redundant locks, that no hairdresser in Rome could produce the like.

Auburn or light brown hair was thought the most distinguished, as portending intelligence, industry, a peaceful disposition, as well as a great susceptibility to the tender passion.

Castor and Pollux had brown hair; so also had Menelaus. Black hair does not appear to have been esteemed by the Romans; but red was an object of aversion.

Ages before the time of Judas red hair was thought a mark of reprobation, both in the case of Typhon, who deprived his brother of the sceptre of Egypt, and Nebuchadnezzar, who acquired it in expiation of his atrocities.

Even the donkey tribe suffered from this ill-omened visitation, according to the proverb of "wicked as a red ass." Asses of that color were held in such detestation among the Copts, that every year they sacrificed one by hurling it from a high wall.

JEALOUSY.—Jealousy, is at once the meanest and the most unaccountable of vices. What belongs to us we shall have, inevitably, and what we want and have not we shall never win by unreason. If we are lovely we shall be loved; and if we are unlovely we shall not be loved, no matter whether any other takes our place of not. Jealousy of the wealth, the social importance, or the happiness of others is alike unaccountable and absurd. Your own house is not lowlier because your neighbor's is four stories high and brown stone. If he should fall, and have to give up his carriage, it would only crowd the horse-cars a little more, and by no means provide you with chaise or buggy. What is it in human nature that makes our poor fare seem poorer because our neighbor is eating roast duck and drinking champagne? To envy the love bestowed upon another is equally idle. Hearts keep their accounts, usually, with very tolerable fairness. We shall receive that of which we are worthy, no more—and what is our own by virtue of our desert no fate can take away.

THE Christian must not only mind Heaven, but attend to his daily calling. Like the pilot who, while his eye is fixed upon the star, keeps his hand upon the helm.

LONGEVITY.

Scientific men see no reason why the span of human life may not be extended to a round hundred years from the present limit of seventy to eighty years.

The age to which persons lived varies in Old Testament chronology.

From Adam's time to that of Methuselah and Noah, men are recorded as attaining to well nigh the age of 1,000 years. The Psalmist David, however, says: "The days of our age are three-score years and ten; and though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, yet is their strength then but labor and sorrow; so soon passeth it away, and we are gone."

This wide margin of longevity, together with proper observance of mental, moral and physical laws, leads investigators to believe it is possible that human life might be made to increase in length of days to a full century, at least.

Moderation and regularity in eating, drinking and sleeping are conducive to longevity, and those who observe proper habits and use pure and efficacious remedies when sick, may accomplish immense labor with no apparent injury to themselves and without foreshortening their lives.

Hon. H. H. Warner, Prsident of the Rochester, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce, and manufacturer of the celebrated Warner's Safe Cure, has devoted much time and research to this subject of longevity, and has arrived at the satisfactory conclusion that life may be prolonged and man's virile powers increased and preserved at the same time by rational and natural means. Thousands of persons are living to-day—enjoying the blessing of perfect health and vigor—who will testify to the almost magical efficacy of Warner's Safe Cure in restoring them to physical potency and to the normal type of constitution, after they had almost given up hope of life.

After middle age, many begin to lose their wonted vigor of body, and thereupon give way to inertness and useless repining. Yet all such have within reach that which both renews youth and contributes to the prolongation of life. Warner's marvelous Safe Cures are in every drug store, and are now regarded as standard specifics throughout the civilized world.

The strong desire to attain old age—meantime retaining the virile powers of body and mind—is necessarily connected with the respect paid to aged persons, for people would scarcely desire to be old, were the aged neglected or regarded with mere sufferance. That is a high civilization in which age is made a source of distinction. Of all marks of respect, that to age is most willingly paid, because every one who does homage to age may himself, eventually, become an object of such homage.

A MAN'S time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces even of the richest soil when overrun with weeds and brambles.

WANTED—The address of one WILLIAM BIEBER, son of Charles Bieber, deceased, who lived in Philadelphia in 1851. He being an heir to his father's estate his address is wanted by C. P. RICHEY, Adm'r, Van Wert, Ohio.

987 Bible, Name and Motto Cards, Scrap Pictures, Transfers, Games, Albums, Agents' Outfit, 10c. 3 Pkgs. Gold Edge Cards, 10c. Clinton Bros., Clintonville, Conn.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 20 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample Free. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

75 CARDS. 25 New Love Scene Cards, 25 Floral Cards, 25 Motto Cards, and Agent's Sample Book of Gilt-Edge Floral Cards, 10c. All sent for 10 cents. Rose Card Works, Station H, Cleveland, O.

JOHN MILLARD writes from Chicago, Ill., Nov. 21, 1882: "Dyke's Beard Elixir has produced a heavy mustache on my upper lip in 3 weeks. My face was entirely smooth." Sample mailed, 10c. DYKE'S BEARD ELIXIR CO., Chicago, Ill.

PENSIONS $80,000,000 for Soldiers, Sailors, their widows or parents. PENSIONS INCREASED. Discharges procured. No pension, NO FEE. Latest law, pamphlet Free! PATRICK O'FARRELL, Att'y, Washington, D. C.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

Prize WE WILL GIVE **$500.00** cash (now deposited in the Banking House of S. P. GRIFFITH & CO., Kansas City, Mo.), to the first person guessing the exact number of answers we will receive to this advertisement (printed in twelve papers). Three (3) 2-cent. stamps must be sent with each guess, but you can make as many guesses as you wish. This is open to everybody, both young and old, rich and poor. Answers can be sent until June 5th. Even if you do not get the $500.00 you will receive the most unique and handsome set of cards, etc., you ever saw. Write your name, town and State carefully, and address

THE RUBY TONIC COMPANY,
Sixth & Delaware Sts., Kansas City, Mo.

(Write down the address as soon as you read this, as you may forget it, and then be $500 poorer!) Remember, no guess counted unless sent with the three 2ct. stamps.

Guess **Quick**

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

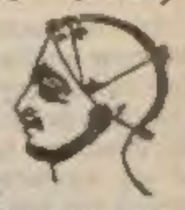
for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application.

H. G. OESTERLE,
No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia. Premier Artists IN HAIR.



Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream**, to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 20, '82. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

NAVY PAY OFFICE, PHILADELPHIA.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. RUSSELL, U. S. N.

To MRS. RICHARD DOLLARD, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and I do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
LEONARD MYERS,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

JAMES B. CHANDLER,
No. 208 Chestnut street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.,
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING.
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed

A SUFFERER from errors of youth, wasting weakness, lost vigor, etc., was restored to health in such a remarkable manner after all else had failed, that he will send the mode of cure FREE to all fellow sufferers. Address L. G. MITCHELL, East Haddam, Conn.

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A QUICK AND POSITIVE Restorer of MANLY VIGOR, and the only Legitimate Remedy for SEXUAL DEBILITY and LOST VITALITY known. A Marvellous Invigorator, entirely harmless. Druggists or by mail, $1, 6 for $5. Circulars free. DR. S. F. CATON, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

THOMAS M. LOCKE,
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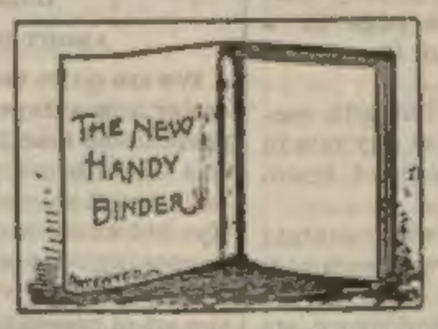
939 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, second door below Tenth, north side

"The Handy Binder."



Very nearly, if not quite all of our readers, would like to preserve their copies of THE POST if it could be done easily, neatly and effectively. Its size makes it specially adapted for convenient and tasteful binding, so that by the proper means, it can be made a neat volume for future reference or preservation, and at the same time an attractive and pretty ornament for the centre table. This means of binding THE POST proposes to furnish in offering to its subscribers one of the "NEW HANDY BINDERS," now so popular, and which are unquestionably the most perfect and handsome articles of the kind ever produced.

THE BINDER is made specially for THE POST; contains one copy of the series of a year with equal security, thus preserving the paper thoroughly from loss, soiling or injury. THE BINDER works so simply that it is the task of only a minute to insert the paper, when by cutting the edges it has all the comfort and convenience of reading and handling possessed by the best bound book. THE BINDER, apart from its usefulness in this respect, is also a handsome piece of furniture; it is made of embossed imitation leather, neatly and tastefully ornamented in gilt with the title "SATURDAY EVENING POST" in bright gold lettering across the centre of outside page. It makes an article of beauty in itself, and of value as a handy receptacle for THE POST, that only needs be seen by our subscribers to be fully appreciated.

THE HANDY BINDER will be sent, all postage paid, on receipt of 75 cents, or free as a premium to any of our present subscribers who send us the name of a new subscriber and $2.00.

Address,

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
725 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa

Latest Fashion Phases.

To some extent, even summer fashions, are now well-advanced, and the shops are full of alluring novelties that would tempt the most prudent of mortals to be reckless for once, and be guilty of that most costly of all extravagances, buying things for which she has no use.

For general wear in the early summer, bordered and brocbe woolens take the lead; the bordered materials are made up in a great variety of ways with or without the addition of a plain fabric to correspond; the broche woolens are nearly always accompanied by plain material, and there are two favorite ways of combining them. In one style the broche is used for the wide side panels of redingote skirts, the finely pleated fan-shaped front and the larger pleats at the back being of the plain fabric; the second style consists of a draped front of broche and pleated back breadths of the plain material; this looks less well than the first style.

The skirts of most cloth costumes are severely, sometimes unbecomingly, plain; the front is absolutely flat and straight, the back equally straight but pleated; fortunately other styles are also in vogue, and pleated skirts, or redingote skirts with pleated fronts and backs are very much worn.

Braiding on skirts and lacings on bodices and sleeves are carried out with gold braid and cord, with fancy braid, and in some instances with ribbon.

Jacket bodices with rather small turned-back revers are worn widely opened over single or double-breasted waistcoats, the upper part of which is also turned back with revers folded over the jacket revers, and revealing a white linen chemisette and collar, and bright-colored silk tie.

A favorite form of jacket is the Eton, but there is great variety in these jacket bodices, although there are no very striking novelties.

The new jerseys are extremely pretty, and made in a great many ways, resembling more or less in cut and style the most fashionable types of dress bodices. The newest and most dressy are the double-breasted Directoire bodices fastened or ornamented with large buttons, and those which are open in the centre and draped on each side from the shoulders over a braided or embroidered plastron; the plastron is often of silk, richly embroidered; when braided the jersey is finished off with braided collar, cuffs and shaped pointed band, forming a kind of narrow basque, to match.

Little jackets, cut off square in front and open over puffed or pleated waistcoats, are also made in stockingette.

A good deal of plain and fancy silk is used in combination with plain and figured woolen materials. Bordered and embroidered woolens are combined with plain faille, but fancy silks, especially Paisley silks in small patterns, make up exceedingly well with plain fine diagonals.

Plain and striped silks of good quality are and will continue in fashion; broche silks in new patterns are once more fashionable, and a few printed foulards are to be seen. These, however, like the pretty bordered sephyrs, will be more plentiful in a week or two's time.

Parasols are not yet ready, but plain silk en-tout-cas, so useful for the spring, are made of convenient size, with a very narrow border at the extreme edge in a different color from the rest, or in another shade of the same color.

Jackets are of all kinds, but silk embroidery is to a great extent, at any rate in the best models, taking the place of braiding.

Some pretty short jackets with straight fronts have turned-back revers embroidered in this way, others have embroidered waistcoats as well as revers, and many are closely fastened and have a single revers and very handsome brandenburghs. On the whole, however, jackets with open turned-back fronts are smartest and most fashionable. Many of these in colored cloth are very stylish little pardessus.

Black and gold and black and green are the most fashionable mixtures of colors for bonnets and hats; black fancy straw trimmed with black lace or net, and gold gauze and braid, or with wreaths and boquets of flowers, is a stylish and practical combination for bonnets and hats; wide-brimmed hats are also made of fine black straw with a band of light-colored straw, pale green for instance, about two inches wide, all round the brim on the outside edge; these trimmed with black and pale green foliage or ribbon are decidedly lady-like.

The new ribbons take after the materials, and have a broche border or stripes in a different color along one edge; in some the whole width is striped with bands of graduated width.

The shapes of ribbon bows have altered considerably of late; they are made without ends or with ends of moderate length, and the favorite shape is either a rosette composed of a number of equal loops, or a bow of four loops arranged like the arms of a Maltese cross.

Dinner and ball dresses are particularly varied and graceful this season; the combination of several different styles, especially the Empire and Directoire, with the more modern forms of the Princesse dress, and with the modes of earlier dates, such as Valois and Louis XVI. fashions, leads to results that show great taste and ingenuity, with just that touch of the unexpected that gives the charm of piquancy to a well-devised costume.

For dinner dresses especially the very richest materials are employed; faille is, of course, indispensable, bengaline is much used, but satin is only resorted to occasionally for accessories; velouting, plain and broche velvets, brocades and brocatelles, crepe de Chine and very delicate gauzes are all fashionable materials for these toilettes.

Green is still the color most in vogue, and many new shades have been introduced as rivals to the still fashionable Empire green.

The tender shade of young shoots is a great favorite for chapeaux and also for evening dresses; grass green is a more difficult color to wear, but a few blondes with brilliant complexions rather affect it.

Green blends so well with other colors that its prolonged success is easily explained; it harmonises with pink, cream, red, straw color, and even with some shades of gray, and is one of the most effective backgrounds for gold, silver and colored embroidery.

Next in favor to green come shades of red-brown, and of the dull brick, terra-cotta and Egyptian reds, which are worn both in light and in dark shades.

Heliotrope is seen here and there, and now and then a dress is made of full, royal-blue, but neither color can be reckoned amongst really fashionable tints.

This last color, however, looks magnificent in velvet brocade, a redingote of this material being worn with a draped tablier and crossed fichu draperies of white net embroidered with gold, on a white satin foundation.

In neutral tints various shades of beige and mastic, known under fanciful and not very distinguishing names, are popular, especially for use with the many different shades of red, with which they harmonize well.

Dinner dresses, even when made with high bodices, or bodices open in front only, are composed of the richest fabrics; the redingote, or more strictly speaking the Princess style, prevails to a very large extent, and as the ornamental parts of the dress will bear considerable variation, it is not very difficult to give individuality to the toilette.

Revers, draperies, plastrons and chemisettes are all capable of being modified in an infinite number of ways, and although the general style remains the same, the details and finishing touches are widely different.

Odds and Ends.

ABOUT BREAD-MAKING.

We are quite ready to admit that it is far easier now-a-days to obtain good, wholesome bread than it was a few years ago, and that it is not necessary to make and bake bread at home in order to insure purity; but as the improved gas-stoves, as well as cooking ranges generally, afford every facility to those who are anxious to acquire the art of presenting at table a home-made loaf, we will endeavor to make the process clear to the least initiated of our readers.

A word as to the flour: this, whether white or whole meal, should be of the best quality; not the least of its advantages is that it should absorb more moisture, good flour being dry; hence, in the long run, it is more economical than inferior qualities, which feel damp and sticky, smell unpleasantly, and produce bread only distinguished by its "ropiness;" that is, when cut, it has a "stringy" appearance.

Whole meal bread—which, as its name implies, is made from flour from which nothing has been removed—will, in the majority of cases, be found more agreeable, as well as easier of digestion, if finely ground; sometimes the coarser grain proves irritating to the stomach.

A very nice loaf may be made from white flour and whole meal in equal parts, especially suitable for those who hitherto have eaten white bread only, and contemplate the substitution of brown; as the latter will sometimes prove unpalatable if the change be made too suddenly.

Before giving any actual recipe for bread we would impress upon our readers that the following rules must be carried out in order to insure success; that is, so far as fermented bread (made from yeast) is concerned; the unfermented kinds require totally different treatment. Dried yeast is now obtainable in most towns.

Rule 1.—The yeast must be fresh, sweet and crumbly, *i. e.*, it should drop from the fingers freely; if it sticks and smells sour it will not make good bread.

Rule 2.—Never add water to the yeast without "creaming" it first (as hereafter directed); hot water kills it, and cold water chills it; hence, in either case, its rising properties are diminished.

Rule 3.—Pass the flour through a sieve, and in cold weather let it stand near the fire for an hour or two; the vessel used for making the dough in ought also to be warm and perfectly dry.

Rule 4.—The water used for mixing the dough must be tepid, namely, a mixture of one-third boiling and two-thirds cold water; a hap-hazard trial with the fingers is no test at all when accuracy is a desideratum.

Rule 5.—Salt should be mixed with the dry flour; if added to the yeast and water it checks the rising.

Rule 6.—A warm even temperature is very necessary during the rising of the dough, for if allowed to get cold it is liable to be heavy, and too much heat sours it, and causes it to harden on the surface.

Rule 7.—The exact measure of water that a given weight of flour will absorb cannot be stated, as flour varies so much; but a general rule is a pint and a half for four pounds of flour.

Rule 8.—The softer the dough (so that it can be handled easily without sticking) the nicer will be the loaf, and it will remain moist longer than if made from very stiff dough.

Now for directions for a trial "batch," which shall be a small one; the ingredients required being eight pounds of flour, two ounces of dried yeast, a level tablespoonful of salt, a dessert-spoonful of moist (white) sugar, and tepid water—quantity sufficient, about three pints,

Mode.—Put into a large vessel the flour and salt and make a hollow in the centre, leaving some flour at the bottom—this forms the bed; in a separate basin put the crumbled yeast, add the sugar, and rub them with the back of a wooden spoon until liquid—this is "creaming;" add the water, mix and pour into the hollow.

Stir in flour from the sides until it looks like thick batter—this is known as the leaven; sprinkle a little more flour lightly over the surface, then cover with a cloth and leave in a warm place until the top of the leaven is covered with bubbles; the dry flour that was sprinkled over will have disappeared. It ought to have reached this point in about thirty minutes, and is then ready for mixing into dough with the hand. If it leaves the bottom and sides of the vessel quite clean, the consistence is right; but if it sticks, a little more dry flour must be sprinkled round—that is, between the dough and the vessel.

Should it need more water, that, like the first, must be tepid. Now turn it out on a clean board, and knead it for a few minutes only; return it to the vessel (either of earthenware or wood) and then cut the top twice with a knife forming a cross; a cut surface always rises better. Again cover, and leave until the dough has doubled its bulk; it will take two hours at least, but good dough ought always, when ready for the oven, to be double its original size.

First, knead each loaf until smooth all over, not a crack visible, then "shape" either into cottages, rolls or cakes, or put into greased tins, leaving plenty of room for rising; for cottages, two-thirds for the bottom and one-third for the top, are the right proportions.

Now to bake our bread. the oven should be hot enough at the commencement to fetch up the dough well, though not hot enough to scorch; a little experience will prove an efficient teacher; when the bread is about half baked, the heat may be reduced; this, in a gas-stove, is very easy.

When done they will sound firm if rapped on the bottom, besides emitting an unmistakable odor, that undone bread does not give out.

During the first part of the baking especially, avoid opening the oven door; many a batch of bread, as well as cakes and pastry, has been spoiled by a sudden inrush of cold air.

Confidential Correspondents.

HARRY D.—Paul Pry is the name of a comedy by John Poole, and it is likewise that of the hero of the story.

W. H. O.—Surely you can judge whether she cares for you or no. There are a thousand and one little signs which should tell you this.

BRISTOL.—Really colorless lacquer can be made only from the pure white bleached shellac dissolved in very strong and white spirit. The bleached shellac can be bought of any wholesale druggist or dealer in varnishes.

INQUIRY.—Cards for a "silver wedding" should be on plain white or silver gray paper, engraved in silver letters with the maiden name of the lady below that of her husband. The date of the marriage should always be added below the names.

W. T. H.—We think you are very well rid of a man who, after such a lengthened engagement, wishes to withdraw in so heartless and cruel a manner. It seems fortunate that you are not married; for how could you hope for happiness with such a man?

DAISY.—A bad squint may sometimes be improved by binding a handkerchief over the eye that does not squint, so as to force the eye that does to do its duty, and give it strength. We cannot say whether this plan—which answers for children and infants—would help you, but you might try it.

M. D. W.—An Eolian harp may be formed by stretching strings of catgut or wire in parallel lines, over a box of thin deal, in the top of which sounding holes are cut. The box should be made to fit the opening of a window, so that, when the sash is closed nearly down upon it, there will be no entrance for the air except above the box.

SCOTT.—A "carpet knight" means one who is invested with the title of "knight," which is essentially a military distinction, but who is not a soldier nor a naval officer, but a civilian only, and whose title has not been won in the original and orthodox way on a field of battle, but has been conferred for civil service on a carpeted floor.

TROUBLE.—You are subject to nervous weakness, and you evidently need a tonic. Ask your medical man to prescribe for you. We are much inclined to believe that you do not take enough open-air exercise. You will find it an excellent plan to talk slowly, and to open your lips slightly as though you were about to pronounce the letter "o" before each word.

S. H.—State your wish as explicitly and as simply as possible. If the lady does not wish your company, flowery language will not win her over. "Miss——, may I have the pleasure of escorting you home?" is as polite, short, and explicit a form as you can use. If not sufficiently expressive for your taste, you may vary it to suit taste and circumstances.

BAW-MY CHEEK.—Paternoster Row, in London, was so named from the rosary or paternoster makers, and some say it was so called because funeral processions on their way to St. Paul's began their paternosters at the beginning of the Row, and continued them till they reached the church gate. Paternoster means the Lord's Prayer, so called from the two first words in the Latin version ("Father our").

IGNORAMUS.—Certainly the lotus is a real and existing flower. It is the water lily of the inundated land of Egypt, and is revered as a sacred plant in Hindostan, Thibet, and Nepaul. There are endless Buddhist and Hindu legends connected with it, as well as in Persian, Chinese, Japanese, Arabian, and Asiatic Russian sacred traditions. The collar of the Star of India is composed of the heraldic rose of England, two palm branches crossed, and a lotus flower, alternating one with another.

STUPIDITY.—St. Nicholas is the patron saint of boys, as St. Catherine of girls; he is otherwise known as Santa Claus. There is a legend that an Asiatic gentleman having sent his three boys to school at Athens, they were murdered by an innkeeper at Myra for the sake of their luggage. But their father having bidden them to call on St. Nicholas for his blessing, the good saint had a vision of the horrible tragedy, went to the inn, extracted a confession from the host, and raised the murdered boys to life again. He is also the patron saint of thieves, because he once induced a gang of them to restore their plunder.

D. E. O.—You perhaps could do much towards cleaning an oil painting by cutting a potato in half and gently applying the cut side to the picture and rubbing it. As the soap-like froth accumulates, use a very soft piece of sponge and a little tepid water to remove it. To clean gilt frames we can only say that if daily dusting with a very soft brush meant for the purpose be not sufficient, you must have them regilt with the proper gold leaf, or, if only gilded with common oil gold originally, you must procure a little bottle and camel's-hair brush, and paint them over yourself.

RIDEFORD.—The lyre was a kind of harp, and is one of the most ancient of stringed instruments. Nearly all the Greek music was written for it, and it was used as an accompaniment to poetry. It was the peculiar instrument of Apollo, the Greek god of Music and Poetry. It gave the name to the kind of poetry called lyric, to which it originally furnished an accompaniment. Pythagorus is said to have discovered the law on which the construction of stringed instruments depends, and Terpander, probably about 670 B.C., added three to the four strings of the lyre. David probably used the lyre, and it might have been played by the hand or with a key.

SANDWICH.—Parmesan cheese is manufactured in the neighborhood of Parma and Pavia (Lombardy), and is made of skimmed cow's milk, and flavored with saffron; but Gruyere—from the Canton de Fribourg—is made of a combination of goat's and sheep's milk. Roquefort is a French cheese, and is made altogether from sheep's milk. The Dutch cheeses are made from skimmed cow's milk—sometimes skimmed three times. The variety most esteemed is called Schapekaas, or sheep's cheese. The Dutch cheeses called Gouda owe their flavor to the use of muriatic acid, which is employed in their making instead of rennet. The Camembert is a French cream cheese, and Gorgonzola is a fine Italian one, somewhat resembling the English Stilton.